

No. 6058

PUNCH, OCTOBER 10 1958

Vol. CCXXXI

PUNCH

9^d



thelwell

*For our safety's sake
I'm glad they always*

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AUTUMN EVENINGS—a glow in the hearth again—friends around the fire—Gordon's in every glass—and *there's* the party spirit! Gordon's is the drink everyone can have, just to their liking—long or short, sweet or dry; with orange, or tonic or vermouth, or as the Heart of every good Cocktail. Ask for it by name . . .

Gordon's Stands Supreme

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
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THOMAS GORDON & CO. LTD

Bang on!



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It had to come. Nylon car upholstery is a natural. Contemporary car designers have found that nylon's clean, clear colours express the modern idiom with infinite variety and verve. No other fabric stands up to long hard wear so stoically, gathers so little dirt and stays so clean. And nylon upholstery keeps cool. On midsummer journeys that once seemed never-ending, you'll be glad of nylon near you. *Bon voyage.*



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Nylon

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300 rooms, many with air-conditioning and private balconies. Magnificent home of the world-famous Rendez vous Supper Room



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GIVES INTENSE ODOURLESS

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No matter how high the price of coal, gas or electricity you can have a Warma house at less cost. *Paraffin is still cheap and the Warma gets the greatest possible heat from it. The Warma is portable, and can be controlled to give just the degree of warmth you require. The most efficient and economical source of heat on the market to-day.

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ODOURLESS · SILENT · SIMPLE · SAFE

Nigel Patrick, famous film star and creator of the stage character "Mr. Pennypacker" is now filming in Hollywood. With him is his wife, Beatrice Campbell, who starred in "Cockleshell Heroes" and other films. For his birthday, Beatrice gave Nigel a Parker '51' with a Rolled Gold Cap.



Beatrice Campbell gave Nigel Patrick



a Parker '51' for his birthday

As a very special gift, and the most gracious compliment they can pay, famous people choose the Parker '51'. It is a cherished possession, owned and used with pride—elegantly simple in design, beautifully balanced, and made with matchless craftsmanship. Matchless, too, is the satin-smooth writing of its exclusive Plathenum nib-point, electro-polished to write always with perfect smoothness, and with a width of line that will never vary. For that very special occasion, consider this latest Parker '51' with a Rolled Gold Cap.

In a choice of black and three colours, with a nib to suit every hand.

Price: (Rolled Gold Cap) 108/-. (Rolled Silver Cap) 96/-. (Lustraloy Cap) 84/8

The Duofold Pen Range	
Maxima Duofold	50/-
Senior Duofold	44/3
Duofold	39/-
Junior Duofold	31/10
Slimfold	24/8

MATCHING DUOFOLD
PENCIL 21/-

And NEW—
the Parker Duofold Ballpoint
Styled to match the famous
Duofold Pens and in the
same colours, 21/-

A Parker '51' Ballpoint to match

The elegant Parker '51' Ballpoint is a fitting companion to the '51' Pen. Five times the usual writing capacity, retractable, and in the same four colours as the '51' Pen.

ROLLED GOLD CAP . . 54/-
ROLLED SILVER CAP . . 48/-
LUSTRALOY . . 42/-

Available separately or with matching '51' Pen

'51' Pen with matching '51' Ballpoint or Pencil

ROLLED GOLD CAPS £8.3.3. ★ ROLLED SILVER CAPS £7.5.3. ★ LUSTRALOY CAPS . . £6.7.9.
Ballpoint or pencil alone 54/-, Ballpoint or pencil alone 48/-, Ballpoint or pencil alone 42/-.

Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen
GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED · BUSH HOUSE · LONDON W.C.2

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FOR A BUSINESS TRIP, for the lowest-ever cost to and across America and return, TWA offers new 15-day Discount Fares. Fly comfortable Sky Tourist—and you can fly TWA Super-G, quietest, most luxurious long-range airliners in the world.

Fly Now—Pay Later. For instance, with 15-day Discount Fares, you can fly London-New York and return for a down payment of only £15.16.0—take as long as 20 months to pay the balance. See your travel agent or call TWA for full details. London: 200 Piccadilly, W.1. TRAfalgar 1234. Manchester: BLAckfriars 4649.

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ROUND TRIP FROM LONDON	
TO NEW YORK	TO LOS ANGELES TO SAN FRANCISCO
£151.16.0	£222.10.0

*Actually, you have 17 days for your trip; an additional day flying the Atlantic from Europe en route to New York and a day on your return flight from New York, which you start any time before midnight on the fifteenth day after your departure from Europe.

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It rains. (Is it raining in your heart?) Do your spirits freeze? (it blows.)
Hey nonny nonny never! Not in a Daks topcoat. For climbing Everest
perhaps unsuitable. For most other contingencies supreme.

The calm expression of this well dressed man is an expression
of confidence in that Daks topcoat, which,
better late than never, he has just discovered. He travels . . .
this will be easy to wear, to carry. He walks,
hops into taxis, trains, planes, hotels . . . *this* has warmth
without weight. He moves from
climate to climate to season . . . *this* answers them all.

Beautiful tweeds, Venetians, West of Englands.
In every country. You, too? Daks, ho!



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TOPCOATS

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TAILORED

MARTELL
CORDON BLEU
The most popular Liqueur Brandy



"So this is

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Units shown: (left to right) a record player;
Pye 5 watt Amplifier; Pye Contemporary Loud-
speaker System; Pye FM/AM Radio Tuner.

With a Pye High Fidelity System, making tingling music is as easy as tuning an ordinary radiogram. No ugly wires, glowing bulbs or masses of complicated equipment. Just beautifully designed and matched cabinets that blend at once with your furnishing scheme. For a thrilling new experience in good listening, good living . . . see your Pye Hi Fi Dealer.

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Write today for the Pye "Pocket Guide to Hi Fi" and information on the complete range of Pye High Fidelity systems to Pye Ltd., Box 49 Cambridge.

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You have only to look at Morlands to see what magnificent boots they are. Each one is craftsman-made and carefully hand finished.

There is a wide range of styles at prices from 3 to 8 gns.

You can buy Morlands in most good shoe shops. If in any difficulty, a postcard to Morlands (Dept. PI), Glastonbury, Somerset, will bring you an illustrated booklet and addresses of local stockists.

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Lady's suede and leather high boot. Moulded rubber sole. 1" heel. In Jacobean brown 126/-



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Lady's laced Town boot in fine suede. Leather sole. 1 3/4" heel. In black or brown 93/9



Rosslyn

Man's suede zip casual. Crepe sole and golosh. In black or brown 97/6



Morlands

Sheepskin-lined Boots & Slippers

pleasure beyond price...



See the latest 'Barrie' which features a new 'raglan-type' sleeve with panel shoulder and high neckband. It's mothproofed for life to give you lasting loveliness.

To see, to feel, to own the treasured cashmere or lambswool knitwear of Scottish craftsmen is to experience pleasure beyond price.



For the name of your nearest 'Barrie' stockist, please write to:

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'Ovaltine' is a delicious concentration of Nature's best foods, fortified with extra vitamins.
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'Ovaltine' has been accepted over many years for its outstanding value as a prelude to a good night's sleep. And, during sleep, it helps to rebuild strength and vitality.
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'Ovaltine' provides the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price.

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ONCE YOU HAVE TRIED 'OVALTINE' IT WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR CHOICE

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—and a flair
for fashion



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MOTOLUXE Model "ROMA"

A luxury coat . . . luxurious in all but price . . . This model "Roma" is but one from the attractive new Motoluxe range. It is shown here in richly embossed Alpaca and like all "Motoluxe" products, it is notable for its lightness, its cosy warmth and wonderful hardwearing qualities.

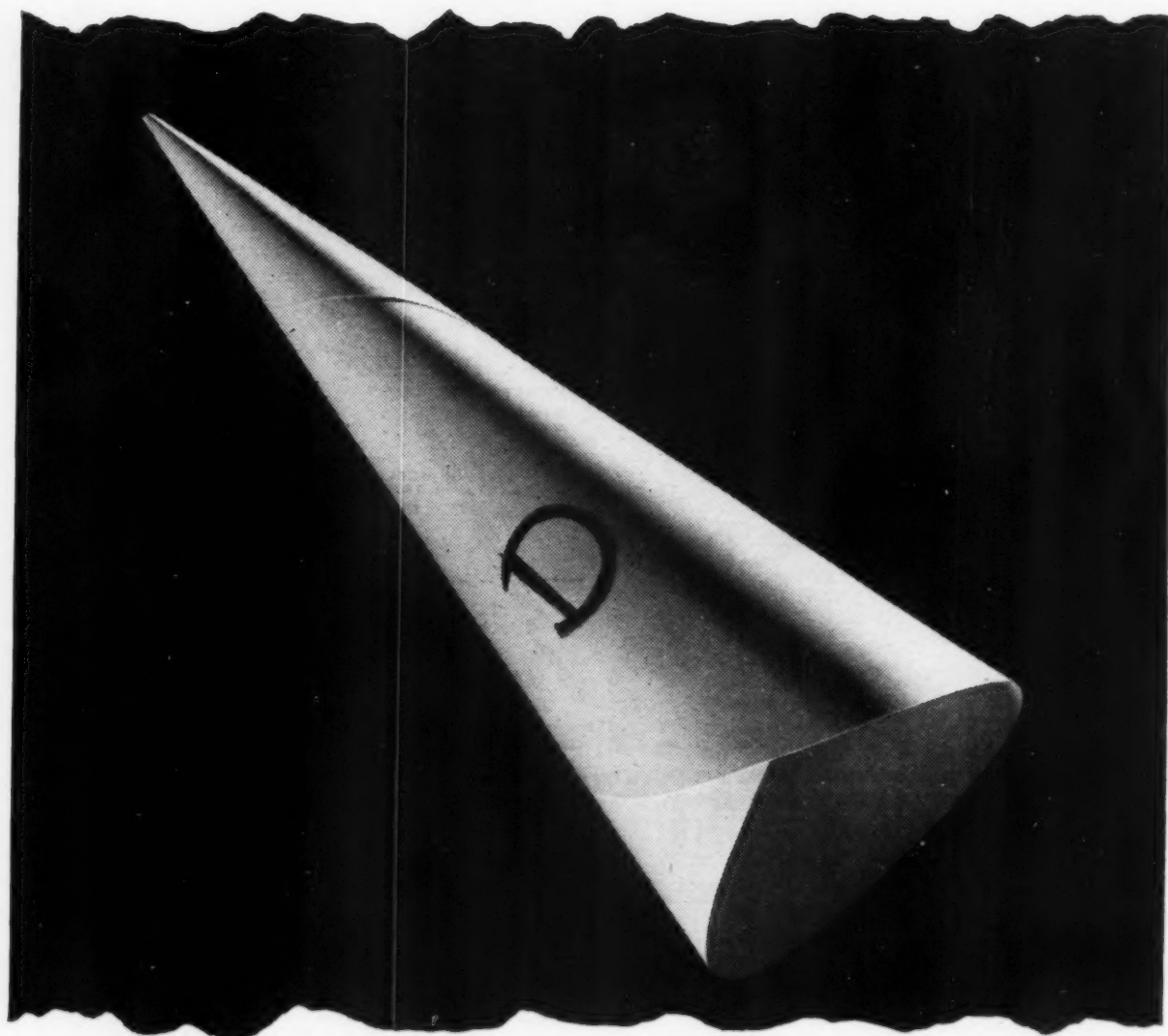
The new "Motoluxe" range is now to be seen in the leading stores. Many models are available in nylon too if preferred.

See also the original Motoluxe Rugs and many other winter comforts . . . spring ear muffs, foot and hand muffs and ski-ing hoods.



All genuine "Motoluxe" Coats bear this label.

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('REPRESENTATIVE MEN: MONTAIGNE')



REX SHERRY
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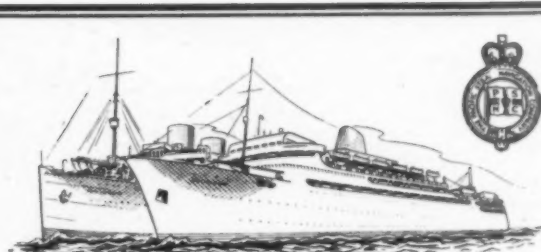
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at the corner of St. James's Street opposite St. James's Palace, and at

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The two liners s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" and m.v. "REINA DEL PACIFICO" are able to offer special facilities for children including Play Rooms and Play Decks, where the children may be left to enjoy themselves under the supervision of a children's Hostess and their own Stewardess.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" and m.v. "REINA DEL PACIFICO" leave Liverpool on the 10th JANUARY and 14th FEBRUARY, 1957, respectively, for ROUND VOYAGES to the West Coast of South America via France, Spain, the Caribbean and the Panama Canal.

* The new liner 20,225 ton s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" air-conditioned throughout and is equipped with stabilizers

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THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY

(inc. by Royal Charter—1840)

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★ For instance the "Everyman's" Accident Policy which provides £10 per week for 100 weeks if you are totally disabled in an accident. A lump sum is payable in the event of certain permanent injuries or death. The cost is little—it ensures a good deal!



PYE LIMITED



**NEW COMPANIES' CONTRIBUTION TO GROUP'S
RECORD RESULTS**

**RETAILERS BEDEVILLED BY FISCAL
CONDITIONS**

**MR. C. O. STANLEY ON EFFORTS TO STABILIZE HOME MARKET
PRICES AND EXPAND EXPORTS**

The 27th Annual General Meeting of Pye Limited was held on September 26th in London, Mr. C. O. Stanley, C.B.E. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from the Chairman's statement which had been circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1956:

Last year I forecast that the new companies we had purchased during the year would this year contribute to the Group's profits not less than a quarter of a million pounds. The new companies actually contributed more than this amount and you would therefore have expected our group profits to be increased by this amount. They have, however, fallen below our expectations by over £100,000 because of the increase in Purchase Tax on television and radio sets from 50 per cent to 60 per cent imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in October, 1955. We decided not to increase our television prices to cover the increase in tax, consequently our margin of profit was considerably reduced. At that time many reports appeared in the daily press about manufacturers in this and that industry, some of whom were bearing part of the additional tax and some who were not increasing prices at all. We purposely refrained from issuing any statement to the press, merely advising our retailers that our television prices were being maintained at the existing levels. These retailers are essential partners in our industry, and since the war ended they have been bedevilled by so many official changes in purchase tax and hire purchase conditions that they have found the public chary of buying to-day in case the merchandise might be a different price to-morrow. No shop-keeper can operate for long under these conditions with pre-Budget speculation followed by post-Budget headaches.

Serious manufacturers reflecting on the present press propaganda for the stabilization of existing prices must feel that for them to give any undertaking on this issue would be unrealistic when they are dependent on a vast number of suppliers of services and materials, from telephones to tungsten. What I can say now is that it is our intention to reduce our margin of profit on domestic radio and television sets, and, if prices on which we are dependent remain firm, not only could we stabilize our existing prices but we might well be able to reduce them. In addition we are devoting an ever increasing proportion of our effort in consolidating our hold on world export markets.

DEVELOPMENT OF OTHER INTERESTS

Last year I told you we were concentrating on building up those sides of our business which are not based on the popular television and radio set market, and I am glad to say that we have made considerable strides in these directions. Our scientific instrument companies have expanded and have shown an increase in profit contribution. Our television camera and Transmission Division has grown and has had outstanding success in under-water television application. There is a great increase in the demand for television cameras for industrial purposes and it is now obvious that as automation evolves, the industrial television camera will play an ever increasing part in many automation schemes. Our Communications business has had considerable success and has gained a great reputation for the scientific advances incorporated in its designs.

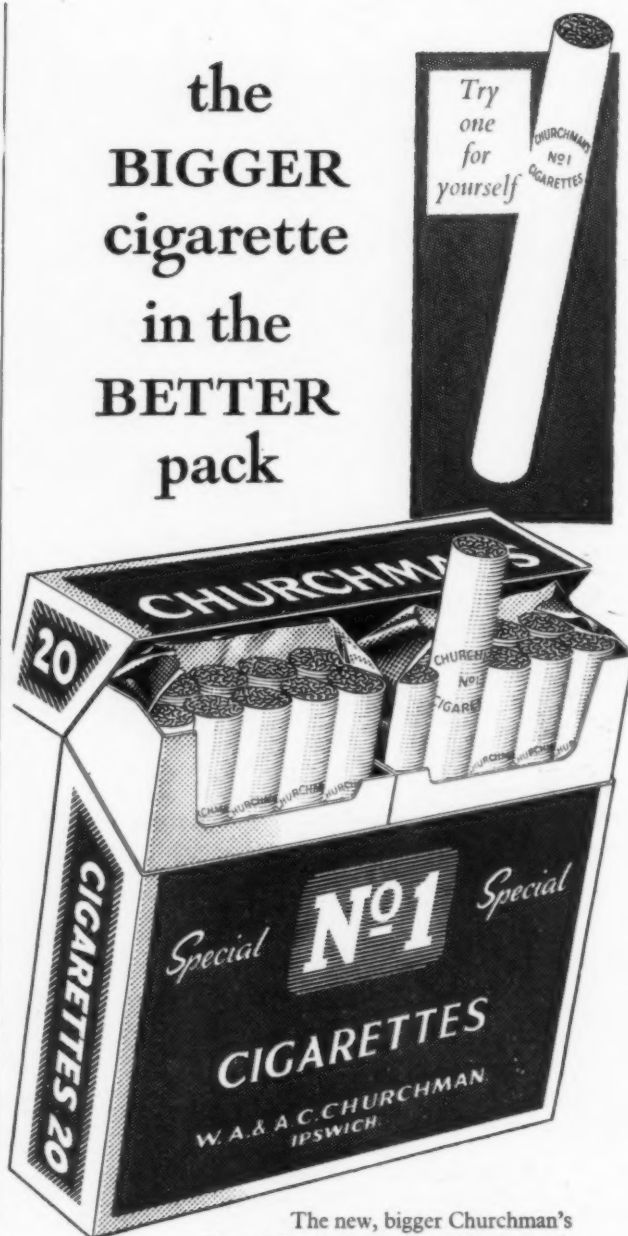
In the year ahead we will have to sink more money in the development of the export markets and, in addition, finance will be required to establish our Australian television set production unit. In other countries penal taxes and regulations compel us to participate in local manufacture and as a result we must expect, for some short time, a slight reduction in the profits of the group. Although I am aware that our shareholders should have had an increase in dividend this year, your Directors felt that as one more visible sign of free enterprise goodwill towards the Government's efforts in the national interest, we should forgo our dividend increase for this year.

Group earnings at £2,331,848 before Taxation are at a record high level, being some £130,000 in excess of the previous year, whilst Profits after taxation £1,083,321 are some £45,000 in excess of the previous year.

The steady expansion of the Group is reflected in the increases of almost £500,000 in Fixed Assets and of £700,000 in Net Current Assets. In addition to these, "Trade Investments" are up by over £160,000 and "Investment in Subsidiary Not Consolidated" up by over £200,000.

Stocks and Debtors show substantial increases over the previous year's figures, the latter due partly to the "credit squeeze," but your Directors are satisfied that adequate reserves have been made to cover any losses which may result. The report and accounts were adopted.

the
BIGGER
cigarette
in the
BETTER
pack



The new, bigger Churchman's No. 1 fully merits the protection given it by the new, hinge-lid pack. Stronger, simpler to open, this new pack accords to these fine cigarettes the permanent protection and freshness they merit. It ensures that the last Churchman's you take from your packet is as firm, smooth and immaculate as the first.

*The fifteen-minute cigarette
at 4/1d. for 20*

CHURCHMAN'S No.1

"The contents of a gentleman's cellar should include at least a bottle or two of

Heavenly Cream Sherry"

It was in 1821 that Mr. John Wm. Burdon first laid down the soleras from which sherry was regularly supplied to the Spanish Royal Household and from which now comes Heavenly Cream, a sherry "so well conceived as to be the master of all others".

"The Sherry with the tassel"

Bottles 27/6: Half-bottles 14/3



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"I bought a pair in 1920

and they are still in very good condition as for wear and appearance. They have certainly given me real service for golf and Canadian country walking."

9/11/49



105/-

LOTUS Veldtschoen

The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

LOTUS LTD
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Fascinating Tripoli, on the Mediterranean shores of Africa (the Barbary coast of seafaring history) is wonderful from October to March: average sunshine over 7 hours a day. Bright blue skies, fine beaches, excellent hotels, casino. No Travel Allowance worries, for Tripoli is in the Sterling Area. And Travel Agents here are co-operating with BEA to offer this superb value-for-money holiday.



Special offer!

10 days 'all-in' at an excellent Tripoli hotel, including flying BEA Elizabethan there and back, from **70 GNS.** inclusive, from London.

Post this coupon for full details:
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COCKTAILS, DINNER & DANCING

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Leading Cabaret attractions
twice nightly



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I'm afraid
my husband won't
have anything
but Whitbread

No, it's been his favourite for years. He likes to pretend he's a bit old-fashioned, but I tell him the young people also are finding out that it's worth while taking the trouble to choose what one eats and drinks. And to pay a little more to get the quality.... you find that? I'm not surprised!

WHITBREAD
the superb Pale Ale



THERE'S NOTHING SO GOOD AS A CLAY TILED ROOF



Private Residence at Henzell

WHETHER hand made or machine made, all 'ACME' Clay Tiles bear the hall-mark of true craftsmanship—a mellowness that increases through the years.

But—and how important this is—'ACME' Clay Tiles also have durability. They are made from Staffordshire Clay—acknowledged as the finest clay in the world for tile manufacture. They are fired at high temperatures.

The qualities which result from this critical selection of raw material and the highly specialised processes of manufacture are permanency of colour, resistance to shaling and laminating, and the characteristic weathering and mellowing with age.



THE CENTURIES HAVE PROVED IT!

We have compiled a booklet called

**BUILD IN CHARACTER WITH
'ACME' CLAY TILES
AND WOULD GLADLY SEND YOU
A COPY FREE**

The beauty of our very old houses and villages comes mainly from the lovely mellow colours of fired clay bricks and Tiles. Here is your evidence of durability—and these gracious tones are available to-day in 'ACME' Clay Roofing tiles—WESTMORLAND GREEN—CRYSTAL GREY—DARK HEATHER and others.

CLAY lasts

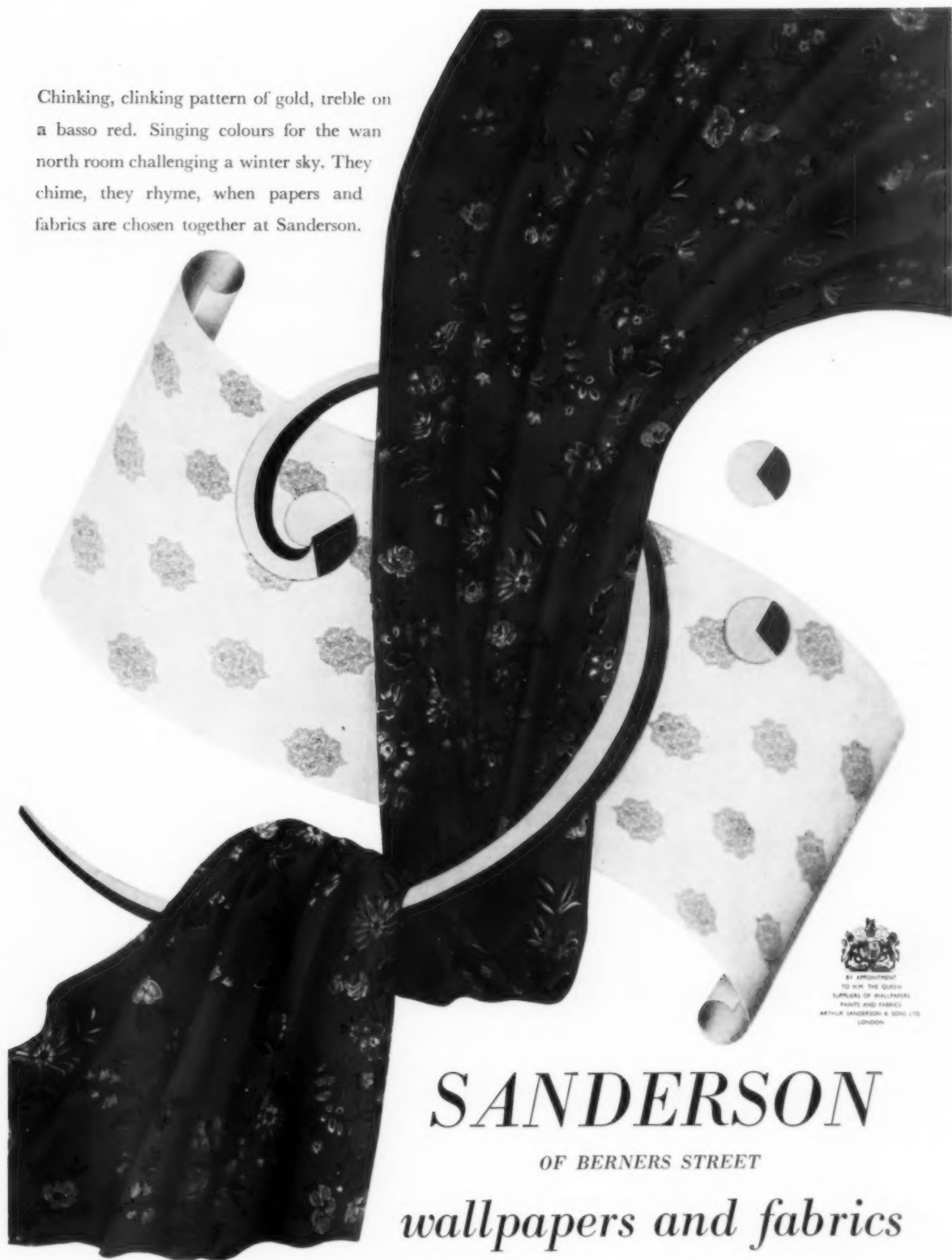
for enduring beauty specify

'ACME' SANDSTORM

clay roofing tiles

and for floors—'ACME' RED FLOOR QUARRIES
G. H. DOWNING & CO. LTD. (Dept. C.17)
BRAMPTON HILL, NEWCASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE
L.G.B.

Chinking, clinking pattern of gold, treble on
a basso red. Singing colours for the wan
north room challenging a winter sky. They
chime, they rhyme, when papers and
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TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF WALLPAPERS,
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YOUR DECORATOR CAN SHOW YOU THE SANDERSON WALLPAPER BOOK. SANDERSON FABRICS CAN BE SEEN AT LEADING FURNISHERS.

Waterman's Revolutionary fountain pen

*You don't fill it
— you load it*

**with a cartridge
of real ink!**

LOOK!

HOW IT LOADS

Revolutionary C/F is loaded with an unbreakable cartridge of real ink. As the barrel is replaced the cartridge is automatically pierced and fresh ink is ready to flow. No mess. No fuss. A completely dry operation so quick and clean you could do it in the dark.

Unbreakable, transparent C/F cartridges can be carried safely anywhere, even at high altitudes. Each cartridge contains a full measure of fresh ink — Waterman's blue-black or royal blue. Cartridges are in packets of 8 for 2/10. You can buy them in many countries throughout the world.

SEE - HOW IT LOOKS

Jewel-like C/F is quite the best looking pen in the world. The nib-section has been designed with an elegant inlay flaring back from the diamond-dusted nib. The cap and clip taper smoothly away to a polished facet.

NOW - IN RICH TWO TONE COLOURS

You can choose C/F De Luxe in Jet Black with rolled gold cap £5.18.6 or with matching pencil £8.1.8. Or now you can choose C/F with Astralite cap in a striking choice of two-tone colour combinations: Teal Blue and Grey, Burning Sand and Grey or Jet Black with Astralite Cap £4.7.6. With matching pencil £6.6.6.

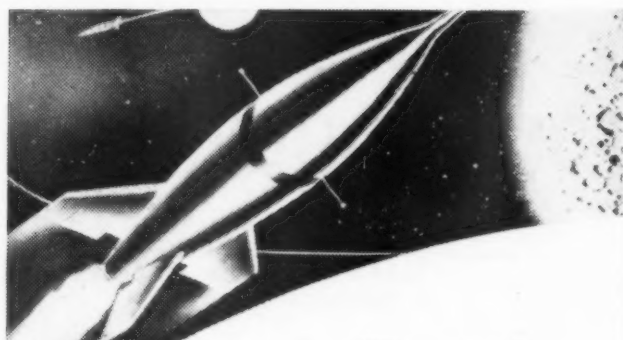
Waterman's C/F

CARTRIDGE fountain pen

GIFT CASES Every Waterman's C/F Pen or Pen and Pencil Set is presented in a luxurious gift case which also contains 8 cartridges of real ink. A magnificent gift!

At leading stationers, jewellers and stores — NOW

MADE BY WATERMAN'S, MAKERS OF FINE PENS AND PENCILS FOR OVER 70 YEARS



Space Travel . . .

. . . will demand a delicacy and accuracy of mechanism comparable in many ways to that of the beating heart of a ZENITH watch.

Technical marvels of faultless precision—including models protected from shock, dust, water and magnetism—ZENITH are truly the watches of the future . . . for the men and women of today.

ZENITH — INCOMPARABLY SUCCESSFUL at the Annual Watch Rating Contests at Neuchâtel Observatory. (Official Transmitter of the Swiss Radio Time-Signals.)

Ref. 206 (Lady's)
18 ct. Gold £44.15.0
9 ct. Gold £38.0.0
Stainless Steel £27.10.0



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FIVE TIMES IN SIX YEARS
in the Wrist Watch category

FIRST!
FOUR TIMES IN FOUR YEARS
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FIRST!
SIX TIMES IN SEVEN YEARS
in the Pocket Watch category

SINCE 1923—
THE RECORD FOR PRECISION
in the Pocket Watch category

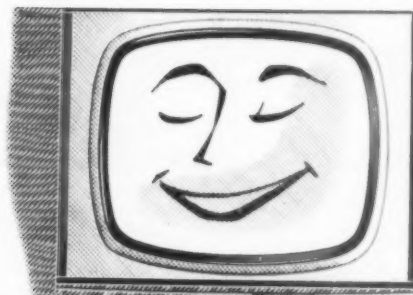
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Automatic
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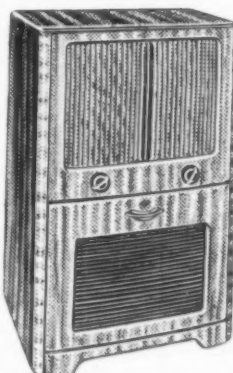
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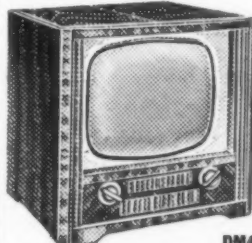
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THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

Growth of broadly based world interests

Entertainment tax at present level an insupportable burden

THE Nineteenth Annual General Meeting of The Rank Organisation Limited and the Annual Meetings of its subsidiary companies, British and Dominions Film Corporation Limited, Gaumont-British Picture Corporation Limited, Odeon Associated Theatres Limited, and Odeon Properties Limited were held on October 5th at the Dorchester Hotel, London.

Mr. J. Arthur Rank, D.L., J.P., the Chairman, presided.

The following are points from his statement circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended June 23, 1956:

The Group trading profits are below the record level achieved in 1955, but I believe the results can be regarded as satisfactory, having regard to the problems affecting the Cinema Industry during the year.

While there has been a reduction in the Group profits from Exhibition, profits in the other sections of the Group's activities have been well maintained. I am pleased to say that the Group's manufacturing activities continue to prosper.

Bank Loans and Overdrafts amounted at June 23, 1956, to £4,048,678 compared with £4,190,515 at the previous year end. This figure includes £873,337 borrowed overseas as against £471,985 a year ago; the increase has been utilised to finance the acquisition of further assets abroad. Of the total U.K. indebtedness, £2,120,342 applies to the Parent Company, The Rank Organisation Limited, and includes approximately £900,000 for current film production.

Twenty-one theatres which have been added to the two Circuits are divided between the two main Groups as follows:

Gaumont/P.C.T. Group—11 theatres, £1,252,000.

Odeon Properties and Associated Theatres—10 theatres, £1,288,000.

In addition, the Rank Organisation and Gaumont-British have jointly agreed to acquire on a 60-40 basis a further 12 theatres in Northern Ireland; but completion has not yet taken place.

Total Trading Profits amount to £8,000,212 compared with the record profits of £8,727,035 for the previous year. After providing £1,901,355 for depreciation and £839,403 for interest, and after crediting income from Trade Investments, etc., the Group profit subject to tax is £5,535,812.

The net Group profit attributable to The Rank Organisation Limited is £861,377 compared with £1,327,939. Special profits on sales of fixed assets, redemption of debentures, etc., amounting to £421,694 have to be added, leaving a net Group surplus after taxation for the year of £1,283,071.

GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION LIMITED

The Corporation's results for the year to June 1956 can be regarded as satisfactory, particularly since the important manufacturing interests have virtually maintained their profits at the record level achieved last year. I do not expect the profits of the manufacturing subsidiaries to remain at this record level in the current year.

The financial position remains satisfactory; the Parent Company had no bank indebtedness at June 23, 1956.

Consolidated trading profits for the year show a reduction at £3,988,791 compared with £4,361,861.

BRITISH AND DOMINIONS FILM CORPORATION LIMITED

I am glad to report that the profits of the Corporation showed a further increase compared with the previous year, due to the policy of expanding the laboratories at considerable cost so as to increase substantially the throughput.

Trading Profits amount to £550,942 compared with £439,792 in the previous year.

RANK PRECISION INDUSTRIES LTD.

The Trading Profit for 1955 amounted to £1,377,548 and was only slightly below the record year of 1954. After providing for substantially increased Depreciation and for Interest and Taxation, the net balance available amounted to £502,370.

Our export sales again increased during the year. We have consolidated our position as the major British exporter in the type of goods manufactured. In order to secure adequate representation abroad, we have decided as a matter of policy to increase our investments in overseas distribution companies.

RANK-XEROX

During the year Mr. John Davis carried out negotiation with The Haloid Company of Rochester, U.S.A., a company which has specialised for over fifty years in all forms of photographic printing. The Haloid Company has undertaken extensive research in the field of xerography.

The application of this process in industry has a huge potential. Mr. Davis was successful in working out with The Haloid Company an arrangement whereby the rights for the development of this process, world-wide outside the United States of America and Canada, will be developed by a British company whose share capital will be owned jointly by The Haloid Company and The Rank Organisation Limited in association with Rank Precision Industries Limited.

PERSONNEL

The major burden of the year's problems has inevitably fallen on the Group's chief executive, Mr. John Davis, and on behalf of the Boards of all the Companies concerned I should like to congratulate him on his outstanding services to the Group.

THE BRITISH FILM PRODUCTION FUND

The British Film Production Fund (the Eady Fund) has been of material assistance to British picture makers but the annual amount of the Fund during the five year period has never been equal to the estimates as to its potential which had been made when negotiations within the industry were concluded. The President of the Board of Trade announced on August 2, 1956, that a statutory scheme, comparable in purpose with the British Film Production Fund, would be brought into operation when the present voluntary scheme lapses in October, 1957.

ENTERTAINMENT TAX

In the calendar year 1955 Entertainment Tax paid by the Cinema Industry amounted to £33½ million, or 31·6 per cent of the gross takings of £106 million at the box office. During our last financial year ended June, 1956 our Group alone contributed £10,000,000 to the National Exchequer by way of tax.

A Committee known as the All-Industry Tax Committee was set up and appointed

three professional accountants to act as financial advisors. Unfortunately the economic difficulties existing in 1956 led the Chancellor to decide against any form of tax alleviation and our case failed, not, I believe, on its merits, but due to external national circumstances.

I say with great regret that I believe that some hundreds of theatres will close in this country in the next year. In turn the potential earning power of a film producer will be reduced which in turn brings a further series of problems. The fact that many theatres are making losses is clearly brought out in the A.I.T.C. case to which I referred above.

OVERSEAS DISTRIBUTION

Eastern Hemisphere. We have continued to make steady progress throughout the Eastern Hemisphere. The demand for our films remains good and I look forward to the future with confidence.

Western Hemisphere—U.S.A. The problem of distributing British films on a proper basis has not yet been solved.

South America. Much progress has been made and I feel sure that the whole of the South American territories will be covered by our own offices before the end of the current financial year with beneficial results.

We are the only company in the film industry outside of California which has set up a distribution organisation on a global basis. Year by year we see increasing justification of our policy and increasing demand for the British films which we distribute.

DIVIDENDS

The Boards of the various public companies in the Group have approached the question of dividends on the Ordinary shares in the light of the economic problems of the Cinema Industry which justify a conservative policy.

I do not imagine that shareholders would anticipate any increased distribution of profits and will be relieved to find that we have maintained our rates of Ordinary dividend.

THE FUTURE

I am as confident as I have always been that the cinema will retain its place in our way of life in spite of competition from television and other forms of entertainment, as it must not be forgotten that in this country twenty-three million people are provided with good entertainment each week. If appropriate relief from Tax is granted, and provided that the statutory British Film Production Fund is adequate in amount the Industry will be able to give a satisfactory account of itself.

Our manufacturing interests, which make already a significant contribution to Group profits, are being developed, and it is our intention to extend them still further whenever the opportunity arises.

The Group financial position is sound. I am satisfied that given reasonable treatment from the point of view of Entertainment Tax, the future outlook for the Cinema Industry will be satisfactory. We shall continue to play our full part in it.

At the meeting of The Rank Organisation Limited and at the meetings of each of the other companies the report and accounts were adopted.

★ A copy of the Chairman's full Statement and Annual Accounts may be obtained from The Rank Organisation Limited, 38 South Street, London, W.1.



Time for adornment



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

NO WOMAN wants an elaborate watch to wear every day. But when she's dressed to impress... ah! Then an exquisite Swiss watch is worn for adornment as well as use... to flatter its wearer's beauty with its own.

And how subtly the Swiss craftsmen understand this dual function of the feminine watch! Many Swiss jewelled-lever movements have been reduced to fit and work perfectly

inside incredibly small and slender cases.

Let your jeweller show you watches so dainty they can hide their lovely faces behind a sequin... nestle in a bracelet, crown a pin or enrich a ring. Watches flashing with gems or set in a lacery of filigree. Watches that know how to wind themselves. And for men — watches of classic dignity, some slender as a wafer. See them all and make your choice.

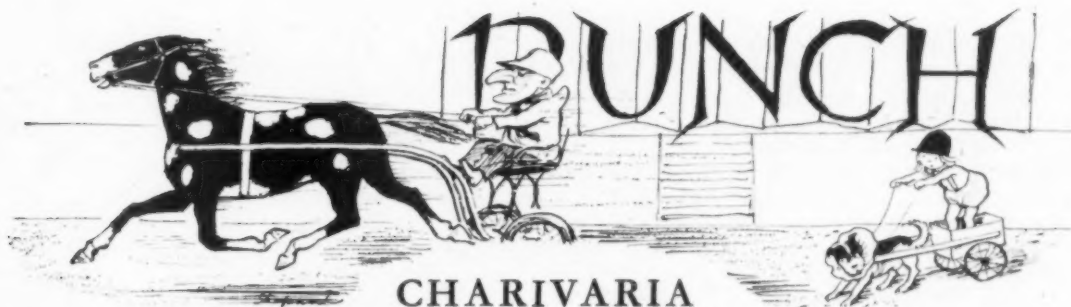
Time is the art of the Swiss

Buy from a jeweller, who can service a watch as well as sell it. His advice is skilled and knowledgeable — and very well worth having.

SWISS FEDERATION OF



WATCH MANUFACTURERS



ECONOMISTS have welcomed the British Productivity Council publication *Ammunition*, which tells of higher production at lower cost achieved in Royal Ordnance factories by the successful application of work-study methods. The cost of living has had more than its share of the limelight: it was time the cost of dying got a look-in.

Nothing Sacred

TRAINED observers on the spot, reporting on the preliminary bouts, say that this U.S. Presidential election



campaign is likely to be fought "at a very low level of ethics." This is the first hint the American elector has had that this time they're trying to drag ethics into it.

Pot-Boiler

It is to be hoped that official recognition will be given to the suggestion, in a reputable newspaper correspondence column, that Britain should counter the seizure of the Canal by claiming ownership of the Nile—a claim based on unassailable geographical evidence that the river rises in Lake Tana and Lake Victoria, and that its waters, on which Colonel Nasser's inland shipping flows to prosperity, don't belong to him at all. It would need to be made clear to any investigating body, of course, that Lake Tana is in Ethiopia, and that assertions of British ownership might evoke proprietorial feelings not only in the breast of Haile Selassie, but of those Italians recalling that it belonged to Mussolini in 1935-41; also that Lake Victoria is half in Uganda and half in

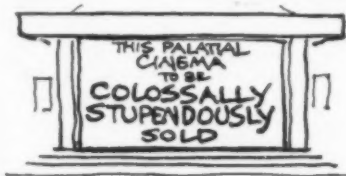
Tanganyika, and that both countries, finding themselves unexpected shareholders in a rich property, might well react with an upsurge of nationalism, either in the form of joint rebellion against Westminster, or tribal strife over the ownership of the other half of the lake. The complete course of events naturally defies confident prediction, but whatever happened it would keep the Security Council supplied with material indefinitely—or at any rate until everyone was sick to death of Suez and turned with relief to all that sadly neglected crisis-fodder running to waste around Formosa and the Pescadores.

On Its Stomach?

AMERICAN service men in this country are said to feel a bit cool towards the U.S. Army's new official song, "The Army Goes Rolling Along," to be dedicated at British bases next month. They suspect some Pentagon propaganda plot tied up with that well-publicized dieting directive.

Whistling in the Dark

LAST week was no time to spread rumours about another rise in the cost



of television licences. Cinemas everywhere had never been going cheaper.

Sad Case

EDITORIAL comment on the retirement of Mr. Clement Davies was almost universally tinged with sympathy and respect; his emotional state at Folkestone was mentioned with a nice restraint, and several commentators upbraided his

audience for their overt anxiety to be off with the old love and on with the new. Such tenderness of heart among journalists is rare, and is thought to be due, in Mr. Clement Davies' case, to a very real compassion for a man who, surrendering the party leadership after a lifetime of political oratory, still couldn't hit on any more startling piece of imagery than all that stuff about handing over the tiller, stepping down from the bridge, and going below.

Hard Facts

TIMELY words firmly spoken can do wonders to keep a nation level-headed in a crisis. The chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the National



Association of Master Bakers had to arrest the bread-price panic somehow, and his announcement that bread was still cheaper than dog biscuits made thousands think twice before making a change.

No Boo to a Goose-Step

FORMER S.S. officers, until now only eligible for service in the rank and file of the new German army, can under revised provisions hold commissions; they will be required, however, to "prove that they have rejected Nazi ideas." This may take some proving, evidence of negative qualities being hard to come by. Perhaps it will do if they can prove good, old-fashioned Prussianism.

One of Ours?

RUSSIA was hardly likely to let America get away to a flying start with

her artificial space satellitès, and has lost no time in publicizing a parallel project, which proposes to circle the Earth with Soviet saucers as soon as may be. Neutral commentators expect these to be somewhat larger than the American ones, otherwise the sponsoring body—the International Commission for the Co-ordination and Control of the Scientific and Theoretical Works in the Field of Organization and Performance of Interplanetary Communications at the Council of Astronautics of the Academy of Science in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—won't be able to get its name on.

"Si Monumentum . . ."

CULTURE looks increasingly to America for its patrons, and it is right that some of this bounty should be distributed within its own shores. Most recently exemplifying this is Mr. Bing Crosby's gift of \$160,000 to his alma mater, Gonzaga University, for the building of a Crosby Memorial Library. This will house Mr. Crosby's own films and gramophone records.

Traffic Problem

THE City motorist's to-morrow
Is dark with added fears.
He who already drives in sorrow
Has now to park in tiers.



The Foggy Bottom Blues*

(Air—"The Foggy, Foggy Dew")

I HEARD a young man cry in the night
"I wish I knew what got 'em
To build a great new House for the State
In a swamp called Foggy Bottom.
The mist is on the files," he cried,
"The fog is on the news,
Nobody knows where anybody goes,
And I've got the Foggy Bottom Blues."
"The mist is on the marsh," he cried,
"The fog rolls down the gullies,
And there's no knowing if I'm coming or I'm going,
For I'm following Foster Dulles."

"John Foster Dulles, gentle Jack,
Is faithful as a frog:
He lifts his friends upon his back,
And drops them in the bog.
He drops them in the swampy sea,
And while he wipes his shoes
'O Lord,' says he, 'what fools these mortals be!'
Which gives me the Foggy Bottom Blues."
"The mist is on the marsh," he cried,
"The fog rolls down the gullies,
And I can't say where America's to-day,
For she's following Foster Dulles."

"O Gee, that guy is off again!
He's after a new Idea:
But that won't last till the night is past—
He's got idearrhæa.
Ideas, and ideals too—
But I wish he'd take to booze,
For oh it's hell what a goodygood can do,
And I've got the Foggy Bottom Blues."
"The mist is on the marsh," he cried,
"The fog rolls down the gullies,
I steer a course like an epileptic horse,
For I'm following Foster Dulles."

"November 6 is the day of fate
For which we all prepare,
And I can't wait for the golden date—
John Foster won't be there.
John Foster will have put his foot
Too often in the ooze:
No more he'll romp in the Secretary Swamp,
And I won't have the Foggy Bottom Blues."
"The mist is on the marsh," he cried,
"The fog rolls down the gullies,
And the poor old world to the wilderness is hurled,
For it's following Foster Dulles."

A. P. H.

* The State Department has had an "attack of 'foggy bottom blues'—'Foggy Bottom' is an old name for the site on which it stands."—*The Times*



UN

By CLAUD COCKBURN

FOR my money, about the nicest times of the year are those when something happens to 'turn the thoughts of one and all, however fleetingly, towards the United Nations. Aren't we all, sometimes, just a wee bit apt to go on our way almost forgetful of UN—taking it for granted? And then, how refreshing it is one day to enter train or bus and the man opposite is saying "Yes, but the veto," and the man next him says "What about the veto?" and the first man says "Well, that's what I'm saying, 'What about the veto,' what?"

Bucks you up no end.

Even if yours is the kind of what I call "culturally under-privileged" home where conversation is normally limited to "Well, it only means more inflation," and "Redundancy my foot," you'll find that with a little practice and a little bit of what I call "mental elbow-grease" you too can find yourself chatting easily and naturally about UN.

Of course there are some people—particularly, I'm afraid, among our younger members, and yet it is precisely the *youth*, isn't it, that's so vitally important, because you start getting apathy and cynicism and that type of thinking there and you're liable to end up in the soup, as Clement Davies so rightly points out, or take the old League of Nations—who are content to say

that thing about the veto and imagine they've covered the whole subject.

Wrong.

To begin with, it's the principle that counts. And do realize that when you're trying to keep your eye on UN the first thing to remember is that it is in constant but regular motion, moving—you can ascertain this from any good speech—either *away from* those basic principles which were proclaimed at its inception and without strict adherence to which no organization of the kind can hope to etc., etc., or *back to* them in a new spirit of imaginative understanding and sincere co-operation akin to the spirit which inspired those who, at San Francisco in 1945, had the vision to etc., etc.

Also Peru, Cuba, or—if that's the way you feel about things—Colombia. They have to be there. Because after all, suppose you have what I always call a "situation" (and I do *not* mean a dispute—far less, I need hardly say, a threat to peace) in, for instance, Singapore, you're very apt to find that the only countries that seem not to be in some way interested parties are Peru, Cuba, or, as I say, Colombia.

Which means, of course, that in principle they are the ones to handle the whole situation, although if this *dénouement* seems to bother anyone very much, a quick flick of the procedure handle

and an easy-to-make re-meshing of the resolution can knock all that sort of rot into a cocked hat. Or, if skies look dark, Foster Dulles can fly in from somewhere and say something.

(And incidentally *there's* a man that never lets you down; a real old trouper. Just when you're through holding your sides and rolling in the aisle and you're saying to yourself "He's got to the peak, he'll never pull a better gag than that," he does it. I understand he's just now perfecting a routine where his spokesmen, instead of coming out with the official denial after Dulles has finished his speech or statement, do the job paragraph by paragraph. For quick, sophisticated audiences they say opposite things simultaneously. A riot.)

Was it Menzies or some other prominent who told some cynically apathetic doubters somewhere or other the other day that the British Commonwealth and Colonial Empire are not blowing up but growing up? Well, whoever said it, it wasn't original, because the phrase has been used twice annually about UN since late 1945. Not, mind you, that it isn't a fine, trenchant phrase which certainly needed coining.

I wonder was it Attlee who said it first?

He was there, you know, in San Francisco the day it all began—just a Major then, but what a Major, and a guarantee of progress.

I was there too, and well do I remember his trim soldierly figure, bobbing across the hotel lobby just behind Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth and the top spies and the deputation from the Oakland Chamber of Commerce. Eden also graced the proceedings—just a Mr. then, but what a Mr., and a guarantee of firm, flexible diplomacy. Well do I remember *his* trim soldierly figure, visible across the hotel lobby just behind Robert Boothby, Kingsley Martin, Francis Williams, Sam Goldwyn, the other top spies, and the deputation from Jehovah's Witnesses.

We were well on the way to having a nice conversation about Trusteeship—it was a topic nice people talked about at the epoch—but just then a sailor home from the sea tossed an empty whisky bottle through a window and fell flat on his face.

David Myers



Two official spokesmen, rising immediately to the occasion, stepped forward to allay dismay by stating that this was one of those incidents typical of what they always called the "birth pangs" of this great organization. And that went too, they said, for any other little thing that might happen, like the Argentine being put in charge of the Department for Saving Democracy or Mr. Stettinius performing what, by hindsight, can be seen as an exercise in early Dullesism.

It was a fine statement, and when, just at its conclusion, another sailor threw a bottle and fell on his face, everyone knew just how to take it and had a boldly imaginative approach.

It was a thing you had to keep a handy supply of always ready in San Francisco; you never knew when you might need it. And if you were caught without it you were apt to get a fearful wiggling from everyone else. They didn't stand for cynicism in San Francisco. Not Rita Hayworth or Francis Williams or anyone.

Another thing you had to be a bit careful of was the League of Nations—correct method of reference to.

Very incorrect method: "This reminds me of that ghastly fiasco at Geneva when . . ."

Correct method: "In the bad old days at Geneva, with their timidly unimaginative approach, this sort of situation could have ended up in something pretty sticky. Poor old League. Learned a lot since then. From now on the nations of the earth . . ."

Got in a lot of trouble myself by quoting, with reference to UN, a remark made to me years and years before by a Frenchman at Geneva who took a long cool look at the delegates and said sombrely "I am by profession a caricaturist, but here photography suffices."

A man from the Oakland Chamber of Commerce who chanced to overhear my remark was so shocked that he stopped right in the middle of a publicity talk to turn and snarl at me.

"You some kind of fascist or something?" he said, and would, I think, have taken violent action had not, at that moment, a sailor, whose vision was blurred, mistaken him for someone else and struck him with a bottle, after which they both fell flat on their faces. I noticed from the sailor's capband that his ship was registered in Panama.



"Foreign journalist asks if we're feeling the effects of the Western economic squeeze."

Lilli Marlene Rides Again

VIGOROUS and hearty, cured of desert sores,
See them at the party of Rommel's former Korps's.
British and Germans join as one
With Fräulein Lale Anderson
To sing *Lilli Marlene*,
To sing *Lilli Marleen*.

As they lift the *seidel*, what is it they sing,
Manstein and Speidel and Marshal Kesselring?

"The Afrika Korps will watch with care
The boys who in the Bundeswehr
Will sing *Lilli Marlene*,
Will sing *Lilli Marleen*!"

And this is why they find the whole affair such fun:
The Allies serve for two years, the Bundeswehr for one.

That seems to be the final test
Of whom she really liked the best,
That old *Lilli Marlene*,
That old *Lilli Marleen*.

B. A. YOUNG

Taxis : For Workers Only

By JOHN PRINGLE

SYDNEY

IF you want to understand the Australian way of life in all its simple splendour you can't do better than study the pregnant remark made by Mr. Rixon, president of the Sydney Taxi Drivers Association, at a protest meeting here recently. "After all," said Mr. Rixon, "it is the working man, and the working man only, who uses taxis. The millionaires ride in their own cars."

For the benefit of those who feel a bit dazed by this sort of thing I have jotted down a few helpful notes.

To begin with, Mr. Rixon's statement is not as silly as it sounds. We may admit straight away that millionaires in Australia, as in other countries, generally ride in their own cars, unless of course they are wealthy graziers, when they probably ride in their own aeroplanes instead. It would be wrong, however, to assume from this that there are only two classes in Australia, millionaires and workers. A few middle-class types have been seen in Sydney and Melbourne, though they would probably deny it if challenged. Perhaps the truth is that Australians are essentially a middle-class people pretending desperately either to be millionaires or workers.

But it is the first part of Mr. Rixon's theorem that really matters. Is it true that "it is the working man, and the working man only, who uses taxis"?

Well, yes and no. Certainly working men do use taxis. What's more they use them where even a London millionaire might hesitate. I have stood in William Street in Sydney at lunch time and seen wharfies (dockers to you) roll out of the pubs and pile noisily into taxis in order to go back to work in the docks at Woollomooloo exactly 300 yards away—down hill. (Admittedly it was a warmish day.) Working men go to the races in taxis, to the pictures in taxis and to work in taxis—and think nothing of it. Taxis are nearly as cheap as Sydney's trams and buses and a good deal more convenient.

However, other people, like myself, use taxis too, but then we do it in a democratic sort of way which makes it all right. In Sydney you don't hail taxis by shouting after them in an emasculated tenor. The proper procedure is to whistle shrilly through the fingers or teeth. If, like me, all you can produce by this method is a kind of hiss like that emitted by the Japanese on being introduced, the best thing is to jump in the path of a taxi—they are always painted in at least two colours—and wave hopefully. Sydney taxis can stop in their own length even when, as is generally the case, they are doing fifty miles an hour.

The next step is a ticklish one. If you are a man and alone it is correct to sit in front beside the driver. It is not true, as has sometimes been said, that the driver will challenge you to fight if you get in the back seat, but he will generally manage to make you feel that you have committed an error of taste. A single woman, on the other hand, may sit in the back without giving offence, though she may sit in front without causing surprise. Some attractive young women find, after experience, that democracy can be carried too far.

If you sit in front then you are expected to talk to the driver or at least to listen while he talks. I'm told that New York taxi-drivers invariably talk politics. Sydney taxi-drivers will touch on politics—generally to express their contempt for all politicians—but more often prefer to discuss sport, racing and the iniquities of the police. With a little prompting they will tell you of their experiences as a taxi-driver, which are

always colourful, with a few notes on how to tell a drunk at fifty yards, where to get liquor after hours and where to find the latest two-up game. One told me, at great length and in lurid detail, his sexual adventures in three different cities. They would have astonished Henry Miller.

Fascinating though these monologues are, newcomers to Sydney often find it hard to concentrate. Either they are staring in horror at the speedometer (which is much more alarming than the clock) or at the traffic racing on each side of them. Narrow escapes are frequent and provide an opportunity for a genial exchange of compliments. "Pull yer head in, mug!" and "Where did yer learn to drive, yer silly bastard!" are two of the least imaginative. So routine are these that they cause no offence. Indeed when we first came to Sydney my children concluded that this was the correct behaviour and would cheerfully yell "Bastard" out of the window at some sedate woman driver who happened to come rather near our car in a traffic jam.

At any moment, too, your taxi-driver may brake suddenly—causing utter chaos in the following traffic—swerve violently towards the pavement and say cheerfully "Do you mind if I ask where this cove's going?" If the man is going anywhere in your direction—and sometimes if he isn't—the driver will say "Hop in, mate" and drive off again. This is known as multiple hiring and, like so many of Sydney's favourite habits, is illegal. The snag is that you still pay full fare, so that the driver may, on a good run, be paid three times for the one journey. This seems a bit hard, but at least it makes you realize how much better it is to be democratic and sit in front with the driver in comfort than to be snobbish and sit with three rather ebullient wharfies in the back seat.

When you get to your destination you will be surprised at the cheapness of a journey which seems to have lasted a long time. The driver will not expect a tip but will thank you if you give him one. You part like old friends and, speaking for myself, feeling a lot more like a working man than you have ever done before. Perhaps that's what Mr. Rixon meant.



ROY DAVIS



Petals Open, Granite Melts

By CHARLES REID

SHE was a wan, tired, small thing, wearing a black and yellow mac and a mousy hat such as you see in Batley. In the hotel register she signed herself Ulanova, G., nationality blank, home town Moscow. The girl behind the cocktail bar, who had expected a sable stole and a shimmer of ex-Romanov emeralds, didn't believe a word of it.

There are Japanese paper flowers, insignificant lumps, that bloom when you drop them into water. That is the way with Ulanova, G. The water tank in her case is theatre. Spotlight and painted canvas open her petals and give them iridescence. Her Juliet, a heavenly fragility, was watched by a boxful of Soviet high-ups with granite faces arranged in a double row, one row seated, the other standing, as if for a family photograph or jury service in some people's court way back in the Urals.

At the end, with the complete Bolshoi company massed on the stage and footmen carrying flowers on by the crate and Capulets with striped legs taking colour-snaps of Montagues in red and yellow tights and the entire audience gasping and goosefleshy with devotion, Commissar Webster shook General Administrator Chulaki's hand and told him what a wholesome, healing thing international co-operation was. By this time some of the granite pieces had found their way into the footlights' glare; they stood among the flowers like headstones.

After curtain-fall a gang in white

overalls brought out spanners, tubular steel and matting and rigged gangways across the orchestra pit, so that *tout Londres*, escorting hunks of Paris, New York, Berlin, all very *tout* indeed, could troop on to the stage for so crammed and congested a lobster-and-champagne supper that I wished I hadn't left my steel-ribbed waistcoat behind. Two alert, wiry wraiths from the Diaghilev years, Tamara Karsavina and Marie Rambert, sang ballet tunes at each other and at a tubby, shortsighted man with hair like iron filings, Yuri Faier, the Bolshoi conductor. Elbows pinioned by the crush, Mr. Faier managed to take in prawns and lettuce, balance a brimming glass and sing back in a voice that cut the night like a fretsaw.

Pinned against a trifle and ice-pudding counter, Mr. Chulaki made a technical point about the difference between the Covent Garden and Bolshoi stages. A pinky, blue-eyed dumpling of an interpreter helped him out. Looking more than ever like a Carthusian monk, pebble lenses stressing the natural solemnity of his gaze, Mr. Chulaki explained: "If the artist were using the same jump in the dance as we use in Moscow, that big jump, because of the smallness of your stage, would take him out into the audience and on to somebody's knee. The strain on our artists is simply terrific. But we want to show you all our monumental performances. We know our work will be a great contribution to the bettering of relations between the peoples."

Mr. Chulaki's oratory, when it gets going, spreads east and west like a concrete frieze in a park of popular culture. About the time and space snags which the Bolshoi has been up against he had had much to say at a press conference the previous night. From my front row chair I was on the point of saying the Bolshoi had only its own dickerings and delays to blame for these difficulties when a young man, who later pleaded in extenuation that he was from *The Times*, suddenly folded the conference by thanking Mr. Chulaki for his nice speech and reminding him what a busy man he was. Mr. Chulaki then disappeared like a shot off a shovel.

As the party thinned I looked around for *The Times* young man with the vague intention of taking him apart. I was distracted from the hunt by a German music critic who boasted he had drunk twelve glasses of champagne. "Only twelve?" somebody inquired malignantly. My head was still full of a minor Capulet girl with slant brows and a smile with disdain and queenliness in it. Throughout the Ball scene I had worshipped her through my opera glasses. And now here she was before me: a simple, pretty thing with an orchid in mauve cloth crawling on an ill-tailored shoulder. With her was a shy insurance clerk who, half an hour earlier, had been the statuesque, terrifyingly handsome Paris. Two more Japanese flowers had been lifted out of water, folded, dried and deromanticized.

But I saw one of the granite pieces crack and melt and laughingly put an arm round his companion's shoulder. R. A. Butler was talking French to a ring of corps-de-ballet girls with the smile of a kindly, understanding G.P. In the distance I glimpsed Sir Hartley Shawcross handing a plate to a ravenous young stage hand who wore one of those curious Soviet suits of denatured blue which look as though they have been left out in sun and salt-water. The smile Sir Hartley wore was his bland, Olympian one. On her way out Marie Rambert ("a grandmother three times over," exulted someone in her train) did three cartwheels in a row, her galvanic grey hair sweeping the lobby carpet. Everything had turned out for the best in the most divided of worlds.



Don't Worry, I've Got One Too

By H. F. ELLIS

THE admission of personal frailty seems to be on the increase in the professions.

Thirty or forty years ago, perhaps much less, it was a rare thing for a doctor to have anything the matter with him. Overly, at any rate. He kept his troubles to himself, preferring to present himself to his patients as a being above ailments. It was impossible, as he stood watch in hand beside the bed, benevolent but aloof, to suppose that *he* was ever called upon to put his tongue out. But the modern doctor has had every known complaint, and glories in it. Often it is difficult to tell him the history of one's own trouble because he keeps interrupting to say that he had a bad go of it himself last week, and ought not to be up and about. More and more, when the man calls, one has got into the way of asking him first how *he* is, and insisting that he sits down by the fire and takes things easy with a glass of sherry.

In this contemporary technique of stepping, as it were, out of the professional garments, of adopting a position of equality of frailty with the layman, the Church lags somewhat behind the medical profession. This is curious, for it had a flying start. Long before doctors began to get ill, the use of the word "we" when discussing sin from the pulpit was a commonplace among clergymen. It may have lacked the ring of real conviction, but it was there; the *possibility* of error among the ordained, at least up to the rank of bishop, was openly admitted. But progress has been disappointingly slow. The addition, in modern times, of the words "you and I" ("We are sometimes—are we not?—a little bit hasty, you and I, a little bit thoughtless, a little bit unkind . . .") marks a certain advance, but there is as yet a vagueness, a lack of the specific frankness of the doctor's description of his migraine. If the Church is to get close to the people, to acquire the common, or TV touch, it must bare its breast with a little more abandon. It is no use being broad-minded about other people's sins unless you are prepared to broadcast your own. So the day cannot be far off when some young curate will jerk his congregation out of its selfish pre-

occupation with its own prevarications with the cry "I told a fearful whopper myself last Wednesday." Perhaps (for one cannot be everywhere on Sunday mornings) it has already dawned.

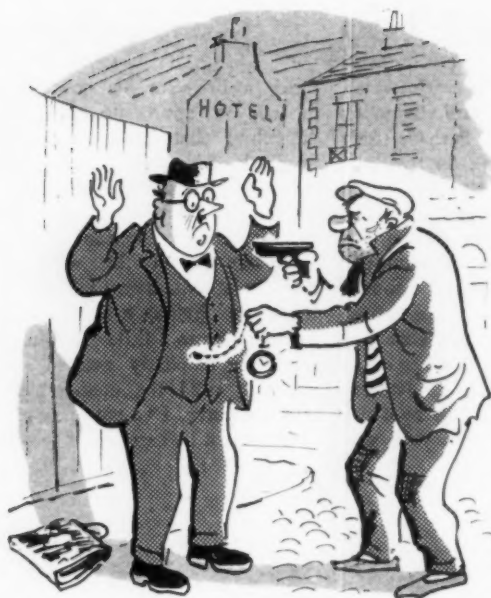
The legal profession understandably brings up the rear. The Bench in particular, with its long tradition of flawless majesty, is hesitant about casting aside its trappings and appearing before its tortious and erring clientele as a man and a brother. One has only to conceive of the Lord Chief Justice putting a murderer at his ease by confessing that he himself, when younger,

threw a brick at his governess, but missed, to appreciate the immense difficulties that hinder the judiciary from taking the plunge and joining in the swim. But it is perhaps possible to see the first faint beginnings of a move in the right direction—the merest tentative toe in the water—in an incident at Wandsworth the other day when the judge, exhibiting his old football scar to a little girl whose forehead was similarly marked after an accident, used the memorable words "Don't worry, I've got one too."

One must be careful not to make too



"Scuse me, guv, can you tell me the bloke to see about starting up a little roadside snack-bar in this 'ere Christ Church Meadow?"



much of the affair. The little girl was in no way blameworthy, indeed she was the plaintiff in the case and received agreed damages; so that the judge in associating himself with her injury admitted no moral shortcomings, nor even a civil misdemeanour, but only a slight physical flaw. He was simply concerned, in a humane and kindly way, to cheer the child up by showing her that it was possible to have a scar on the head and still succeed in life. We have a long way to go yet before any judge will dream of using the same words in, let us say, a razor-slashing case. Still, it seems likely that when the Wandsworth judge displayed his injury there must have been some little disarrangement, a momentary hoisting or tilting, of the wig; and there is surely significance, a promise for the future, in an action so likeable, so unjudge-like, so careless of pomp and power. A footballing judge with a movable wig—here is the very stuff of humanity! Those who remember Mr. Justice Avory in court will recall that his slightest movement, perhaps to make a note, would send a startled whisper “He’s real!” susurrating round the public gallery. His head, for all one knows, may have been covered with the cicatrices of old quarterstaff wounds, but he would have died rather than reveal them in open court.

There has, then, been an advance. Nothing sensational as yet. Had the plaintiff’s wound been on her ankle, we cannot say with certainty that the judge would have lifted his trouser leg and rolled down his sock to display some old half-forgotten hack. There are formidable barriers of prejudice and conservatism still to be thrust aside. Progress towards what the Americans so well call ‘Togetherness’ is bound to be slow; first in the Wandsworth manner, a readiness to compare notes with the plaintiff (“You’re lucky. I was chiselled out of twice that sum myself a month or two ago”); then, perhaps, a more brotherly and down-to-earth attitude towards the witness-box (“I observe that the witness is wearing an Old Carthusian tie. Don’t worry, etc., etc.”); and so to the more or less open admission of moral frailty (“Prisoner at the Bar, you have been found guilty of the infamous crime of arson. Well, I suppose we have all started a fire here and there in our time, but there are circumstances in this case . . .”). Even then the legal profession will only have reached the point at which the Church stands to-day. It may not be for years,



it may not be in our lifetime that the Bench overtakes the long lead established by the medical profession and can boldly confound the stammering defendant with the cry “Don’t try to pull the wool over my eyes, young man. I was embezzling before you were born.”

That will be a day. And where the professions lead, others will surely follow. The Army will be a better place when the sergeant-major’s brutal “Get your hair cut!” is followed by the softening admission “It’s damn near as long as mine.” Whitehall could catch the fever with advantage. It will be a rare comfort, when one writes to the Inspector of Taxes pointing out that the latest Demand is more than flesh and blood can stand, to get the stereotyped reply “Don’t worry, I’ve got one too.”

Reading a Letter that's Fallen in the Bath

I AM a girl. You may compare this with Pascal's *Homo sum* and the bridegroom's "Ladies and Gentlemen, to-day I am a toast-rack." At any rate, I am a girl and I'm reading Anglo-Saxon at Oxford, and the other day I went sailing at Paignton and got concussion, and it's all relevant.

But before I write about the boom that hit me I must tell you about Charlie. Charlie's first names are really Addersley Francis de Ladbroke Breganze, and he's an Old Etonian at the House. It was only when he joined the Labour Club that he called himself Charlie. The Secretary says he's fallen for the Proletarian Embrace; but then some people don't know the difference between Arthur Horner of the N.U.M., and John Horner of the F.B.U. Charlie does. Charlie went to Conference and was going to move a motion on Standing Orders, but Mr. Gooch didn't hear him and he wasn't called. Charlie's trouble, I think, is that he's too quiet.

Indeed, it was a long time before

By NATASHA EDELMAN

Charlie spoke at all in my presence. I remember the occasion well. It was during a tutorial when we were discussing *canis* and *hund*. "And will you, sir, tell us the link between those two words?" our tutor asked with what I thought was *un petit bout d'ironie*. (It was really the way he said "sir.") Charlie reflected for a moment. He seemed to be returning from a far place. Then he said in his light, clear voice (it was like the sound of a piccolo) "Old English—hund—Old Teutonic—hundo—Sanskrit—cwn—cun—canis." And then he added the one word "sir." Our eyes met above our tutor's head, and we smiled.

The next time we saw each other was at the Labour Club. Crossman, I recall, made a brilliant speech entitled "Where is the Left?" and I was sitting between Charlie and Clarrie. It was the happiest day of my life.

But first a word about Clarrie.

Clarrie's at Ruskin, and really his name is Clarendon. Whereas Charlie is tall—six foot four and oblong—Clarrie is only of moderate height, five foot and square. Charlie has lately taken to shortening his vowels; Clarrie, since he's been at Oxford, lengthens them at parties. Charlie drinks only beer; Clarrie only sherry. When Charlie once spoke of his beagles I think I saw Clarrie twitch with social resentment. But I have never seen a sadder look than on Charlie's face on the two occasions when Clarrie began triumphantly "When I was shop steward at Briggs . . ." Charlie simply shrivelled with envy.

Charlie and Clarrie—I love them both. Charlie with his profile of Pollux, the shoulder of Leander. And Clarrie—so ugly that he excites me. All they had in common was the green ink they use for their notes. I see them still as they were at Paignton—Charlie tanned a champagne amber and reading *Thin Ice*, and Clarrie, his domed head each day a shade redder, that brave red reaching





into the freckled aureole of his ginger hair.

And if I now hurry on to that terrible yet wonderful time at Paignton it isn't because I want to skip those glowing days of last term—talk in punts of Clydeside caulkers, of Matsu and Quemoy in the High, and Mr. Cousins *passim*. Oh no, it's because I want to get on to what happened in the bath. But first the week we went sailing—Charlie and Clarrie and me.

It was lovely. Apart from the time when Clarrie went to the Yacht Club and we two sold *Tribune* by the jetties, we were inseparable. For me the week ended all too soon when someone called "Mind the boom!" and I caught a swinger on the back of the head! I

awoke recumbent on a pair of the most beautiful knees I've ever seen. Clarrie or Charlie? They belonged to a Boy Scout of fourteen. Mum met me at the station and put me to bed.

What shall I tell you of the Paignton days relived through my concussion? I knew that I loved Charlie and Clarrie. But did they love me? I couldn't remember. I waited and waited for the post. Two days, three days, four days. I was out of bed for the first time after my accident; and then, wonder! A letter came, a letter post-marked Paignton, a letter in green ink.

Now I don't know about you, but I like reading my letters closeted. Not for me the oblique, parental glance at the invocation—Dear, darling, my dear,

dearest, and so on. I like to read my letters behind shut and preferably padlocked doors. I like the burning sensation of mystery as I carry my unopened letters to the places marked Private where I can read in seclusion. So I took my letter away to the bathroom. Depositing it on the wooden rack that straddles the tub, I turned on the bath, locked the door, undressed and lowered myself, dizzy but relaxed, into the water. A faint steam condensing on the wall tiles, a soapiness all around me, my head at rest on a rubber-foam cushion, I began to open the letter. It crackled. There were six pages. At that moment the rack collapsed in the bath and, still in my frantic fingers, my letter plunged with it into the suds. When I fished it up it was one great sog. The green ink had run into an exquisite aniline pattern; but of script there was almost none. This was to have been the declaration. This was to have told me if it was Charlie or Clarrie.

I dried the letter. I warmed it. I pressed it. The Dead Sea scrolls couldn't have been more carefully unwrapped. There was a sort of signature. It began with C and ended with E. I pored laboriously over the text with a magnifying-glass. All I could read were the words G. D. H. Cole and God.

Now I began by saying that I am a girl. So I ask you. How would you be feeling if you were a girl and you loved Charlie and Clarrie and you had a letter from one or the other and dropped it in the bath and all you could decipher was G. D. H. Cole and God?

Hurried Note to a Struggling Playwright

By ALEX ATKINSON

YOU say you're *relieved* that the West End is becoming choked with plays by that lady who, if I remember rightly, thinks up plots in the bath while eating apples. You feel that, with saturation just around the corner, there'll soon be no point in struggling any longer. But that, my boy, is no sort of attitude to take.

This situation is not unique. There was a time when our theatres seemed to be occupied exclusively with the works of that other great English dramatist, Mr. Somerset Maugham. I don't suggest that he deserves to be mentioned

in the same breath as the gifted lady under whose lumpy eiderdowns of drama we are at present in process of being gratefully suffocated: but time was when it was Maugham, Maugham all the way, and everybody was delighted: and then we presently recovered, and went back to watching the good old mediocre stuff. That's the way it is, you see, in the English theatre. Once or twice in a decade some great, awe-inspiring figure is thrown up who sends the pygmy scribblers of the day, blinded

by his genius, scurrying back into the woods for a while to learn their trade. Such figures, for example, as Shakespeare, Congreve, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Maugham—or the good lady whom we are proud to hail to-day as our great national dramatist.

If you can be patient the day will dawn when, laden with honours, a Dame in her own right and very, very rich, she will graciously retire from the field. Another Golden Age of English playwriting will be over, and you'll be free to have a go yourself. If, on the other hand, you find your patience

swamped by youthful fervour, then you must go in there at once and try to beat her at her own game. She'll knock you senseless, that goes without saying. But if you'll take the trouble to investigate her methods I don't see why you shouldn't put up a good stiff fight.

You must understand to begin with that she, above all our playwrights, is able to see people *as they really are*. That is probably the key to her genius. She knows how people *talk*, for instance, because she keeps her ears open, and that helps to give her dialogue those wonderful, emasculated, soggy, flat-footed, twittering, lunatic overtones for which it is so justly renowned. "I knocked at her door, but she made no reply," one of her characters says—a flash of pure inspiration. Any lesser artist—Rattigan, for example—might have written "I knocked at her door, but she didn't answer." You see the subtle shade of difference? One remark is absolutely true to life, the other is grimy with cobwebs, like the adenoidal blubberings of some anæmic 1910 heroine who's dotty on the curate.

Then again, such is her perspicacity that she has been able to divide us all up into characters, and there are about ten of us. There's the Old Woman with a title and a brooch, who sits in a throne chair pointing at people with her stick, and occasionally gets up to stump into the billiards-room for her knitting. There's the Girl of To-day, who's not afraid to say "D—n and bl—st!" She lollops about looking lost without her hockey-stick, and sometimes gets kissed *on the lips* by a bounder, and goes white. There's the Bounder himself,

who fiddles in other people's desk-drawers, sports a sneery moustache, and never does a hand's turn from one year's end to another. There's the Bad Girl, with dyed hair, who smokes fags and sometimes shows her ankles. There's the Domestic, who is half cracked because she belongs to the lower classes. There's the Companion, who winds the old woman's wool on the off-chance that she might be left a cool hundred in a codicil. There's the Foreign Man, a devilish slippery customer who looks at young ladies so boldly that—*laws-a-mercy!*—one hardly knows where to put oneself, and that's a fact. There's the Good Man, with a pipe, a spanking Army record, white flannels, curly hair, co-respondent's shoes, and a habit of kissing his young lady on the cheek (until the betrothal) to show how clean-living and gormless he is. There's the Foreign Lady, or vamp, with a neckline very nearly down to the top of her cleavage, if you don't mind my saying so. She brings smoke out of her nostrils and has blackmail letters in her reticule, or up the leg of her bloomers, or sewn into the lining of her tam-o'-shanter, or somewhere. There's—but I won't complete the list just now if you don't mind, because I think I'm going to be sick.

But you do see, don't you, how uncannily she holds a mirror up to this day and age and gets a musty answer? She, more than any other playwright I can think of, has clearly grasped the fact that we are, after all, living in 1923.

You should study, too, her absolute mastery of stage technique. Her chosen field is the whodunit, and her most

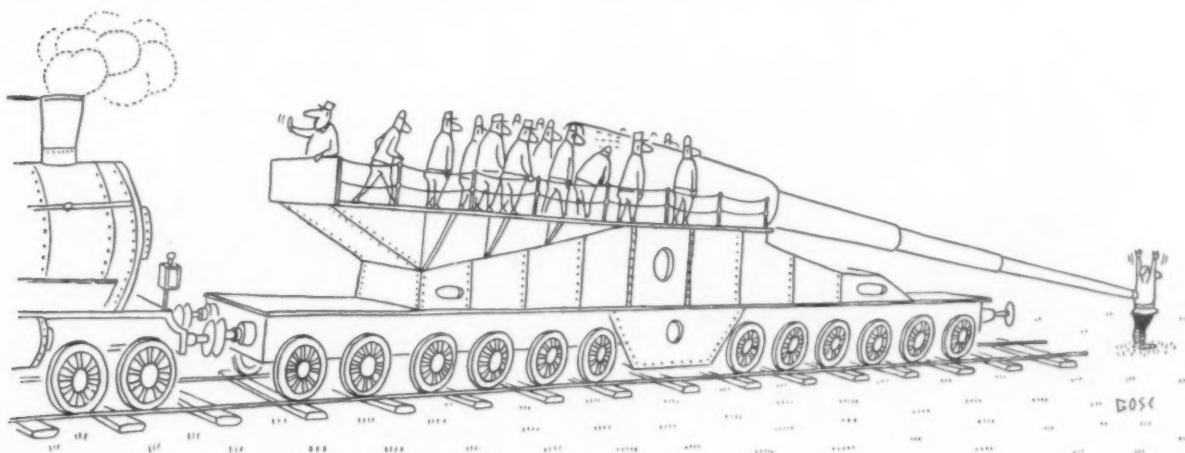
cunning trick is to bang a play together (some rainy week-end, when her thoughts are nicely jumbled) out of one of her old books—a thing *you* couldn't do, so there! The result is that a lot of people know perfectly well whodunit before the curtain ever goes up, and if they've got any sense they stay at home and have a bit of a sing-song in the front room instead. If that's not stage technique, I don't know what is—but she has other tricks to teach you. You must learn that a first act, to be any good at all, must have people coming in one by one and announcing who they are, whom they love, whom they don't, how they have occupied themselves since they were six, why they are here, and what lethal weapons they happen to have with them.

However, don't let it get you down. Let her works shine before you as a challenge, an example, for she holds the secret of Success, and if success isn't good enough for you you're in the wrong business. That chap you keep on about who wrote *Juno and the Paycock*—what play of *his* ever entered its third year, for goodness' sake?

NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will contain, among other features bearing on the Motor Show, a slightly unorthodox

**Survey of the
British Motor Industry**



•LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP•

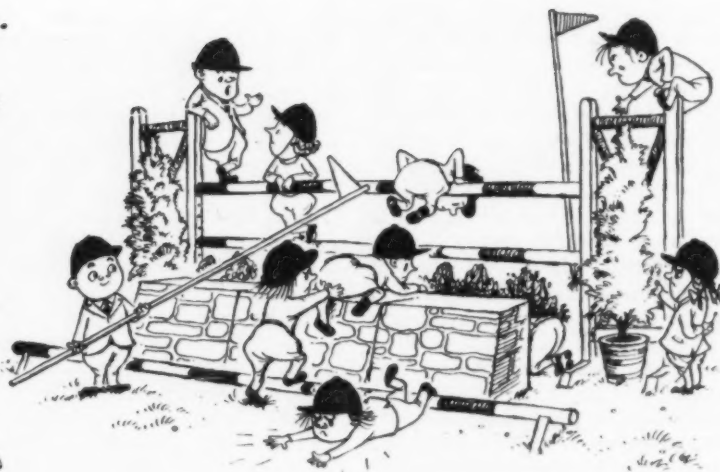


A CHILD'S GUIDE TO SHOW JUMPING

The opportunity to examine the fences before the start of the competition should never be missed. —→



A horse or pony is said to have "REFUSED" if he stops in front of a fence... —→



The signal to start is given by a bell, flag or whistle. —→

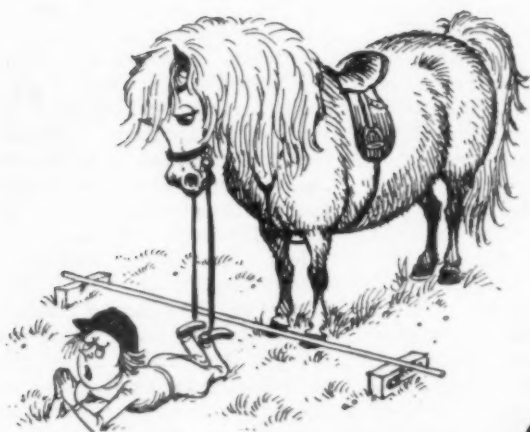
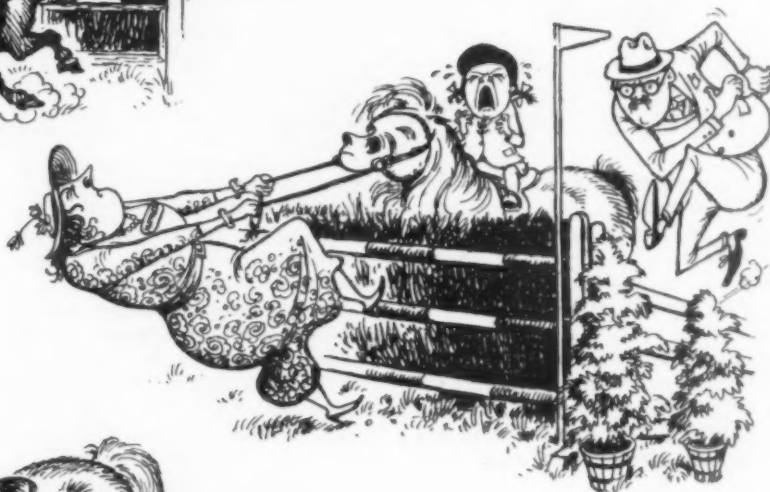


.... and to have "FALLEN"... if the shoulders and quarters have touched the ground. —→



A competitor is eliminated
for showing any fence to a
horse after a refusal.

Or for unauthorised
assistance whether
solicited or not.

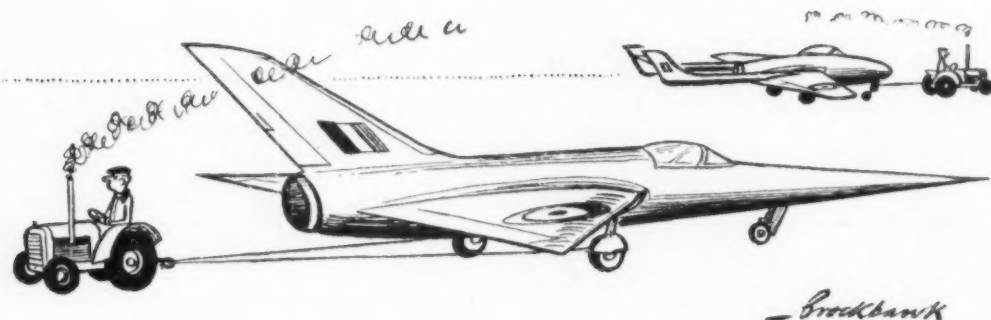


Endless patience is required
to reach perfection -

But for those who ultimately
achieve a clear round - the
rewards are many

the well.





America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

IT is perhaps a little late in the day to be speaking of the Democratic Convention at Chicago, but I am impelled to do so by an interesting article in one of the weekly papers. The writer, a man of more acumen than most of us, insists that the Stevenson, Truman, Harriman and Kefauver we saw on our television sets were not the genuine Kefauver, Harriman, Truman and Stevenson, but actors—and, what is worse, ham actors—hired to impersonate them.

He certainly makes out a strong case, as anyone will testify who was watching the proceedings on the screen. Such figures as "Governor Clement of Tennessee" and "Carmine de Sapio of New York," he says, "simply do not exist in a reality which, God knows, is bad, but not *that* bad," while the actor who played one of the heavies, a "Governor Harriman of New York," could not have landed a job with the thirteenth road company of *Oklahoma!* which is known not to be particularly choosy.

This would go far to explain why the show was such a poor one. It is hopeless to economize on your cast, particularly if you have a bad script. I believe the Democratic authorities now recognize this, and it is expected that four years hence we shall see Kefauver played by Groucho Marx and Stevenson by the Lunts.

Passing lightly over the rumour that life in Port Chester, New York State, is being enlivened by intermittent visits from "a shaggy monster, about six and a half feet high, with long matted hair and piercing eyes" (which is said to be a werewolf but is probably Colonel

Nasser), we come to the serious news—serious for them—that soldiers in the U.S. Army who are on the stout side have been ordered to reduce. An army moves on its stomach, but, as Secretary Wilbur M. Bruckman points out, it can't move far on a big one, and warriors who bulge in the waistline have got to stop bulging . . . or else. Already court-martial proceedings have been taken against some of the more obese, and there is a good deal of embittered talk in the ranks about this modern craze for slimming. Heads, too, are being shaken over the announcement that the penalty for not shedding those extra pounds will be "attendance at church services."

It is being whispered around town these days that the New York Sanitation Department is up to its ears with a big problem—to wit, the presence of alligators in the city sewers. Whether there is any truth in this no one seems to know, but it is a fact that a barge captain named Ira Fish caught one in the East River in June, 1937, and from the East River to the sewers is but a step. As one who seldom if ever goes into the sewers, I take merely an academic interest in the matter, but, speaking as a layman, I feel that if alligators look on them as a home from home, good luck to them. I cannot see what harm they do there, just as I have never been able to see what harm a fly does in the ointment. Live and let live, I say.

New York has recently become something of a shambles owing to an enterprising radio programme getting the bright idea of hiding \$1000 bills to and fro about the city and giving the viewing public clues on the air as to

their whereabouts. Clues like "Greenery abounds near the place where I am found, at times it just roars with a bellowing sound." The one *that* referred to was hidden in the hollow statue of an ornamental fish at the base of the flagpole in Battery Park, and it seems to me that anyone capable of interpreting such a clue deserves all the thousand-dollar bills he can get. I am still asking people what the meaning of that "bellowing sound" was and getting no answer. Yet Barbara McRee of Columbus, Ga., went straight to the spot and cleaned up. And Barbara, they tell me, is only about sixteen. If those are the sort of brains rock 'n' roll is developing in Georgia, one realizes for the first time that Elvis Presley was not put into the world without a purpose.

John Crosby of the *Herald-Tribune* reports that the Museum of Natural History was almost turned upside down during one of the hunts, a clue seeming to point in its direction. Mobs of people descended on the place as soon as the doors opened, and a public relations girl got the radio station on the telephone and pleaded with them to call the thing off.

She said, in part: "They're running around in circles in the revolving doors, crawling underneath the benches, and scrambling all over the equestrian statue of Teddy Roosevelt. They're even looking under the horse's tail."

That, I think, is about all this week, except that a laundryman calling at a house in Acacia Road, Milwaukee, got rather a nasty shock the other day. Apparently the owner of the house has a Dalmatian dog that has learned to stand on its hind feet and ring the front

door bell when it wants to come in. "Stay out and enjoy the lovely sunshine" is the owner's attitude as a rule when this happens; so when on the morning of which I am speaking she heard the bell ringing she took no notice, until she suddenly saw that the

dog was with her in the room. She hurried to the front door and found the laundryman there with a heavy load of laundry.

"So sorry I didn't come sooner," she said. "I thought it was my dog ringing."

Oh yes, one more small item. There is a man in New York whose wife insists on buying mink coats. He tries to console himself with those great words of the late F. D. Roosevelt.

"The only thing to fear," he says, "is fur itself."

Holy Water

By JAMES INSIGHT

THAT a font, like an ordinary bath, can go wrong is not something that normally comes to the notice of the general public. In our case the waste pipe has become completely obstructed.

The parochial church council, accepting this as a sign from heaven, decide to reorganize the corner of the church where the font stands. A fund, running into a few hundreds, collected during the late war in memory of a late vicar, is still intact. What about an enclosed baptistery?

Diocesan House in their letter of reply to our request for an enclosed baptistery are polite but adamant. Whatever else we might want, an enclosed baptistery is

out. They will not consider it for a moment.

The parochial church council, who can now see another ten years elapsing before they can get everyone to agree on spending the collected amount, closely question me about this extraordinary aversion of the ecclesiastical authorities. Why is an enclosed baptistery such a dreadful thing? they ask.

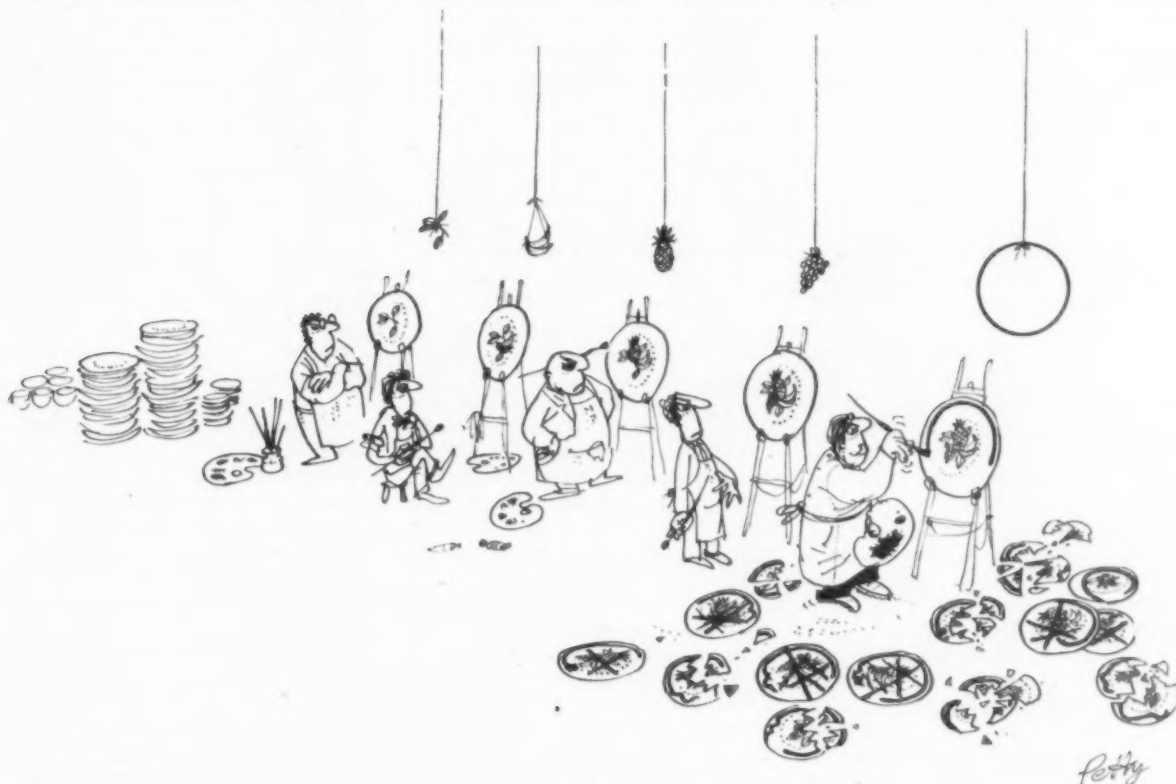
I, who have no idea but am trying hard to visualize the unlikely threat of elderly parishioners being hustled behind screens and forcibly baptized, reply that it is obviously a matter requiring much thought. What about a memorial pavement to be going on with? On this the font—an ugly Gothic

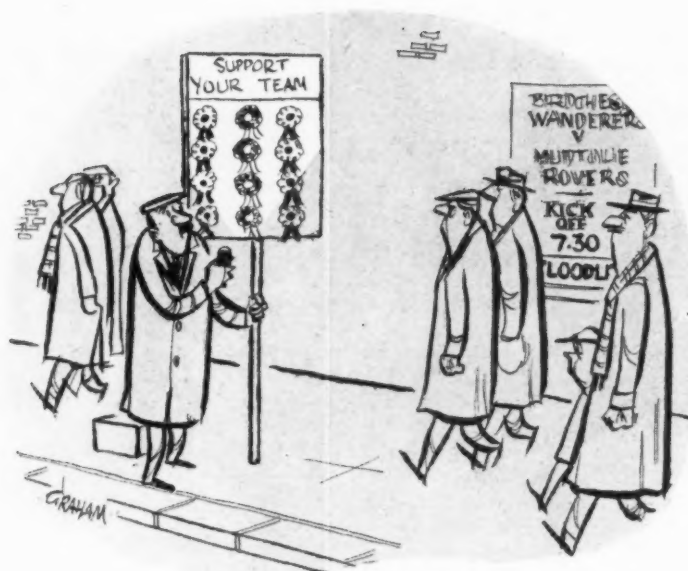
contraption clinging to a west wall and reached by steps—could stand. Admiring godparents must then circle round, heads bent, reading the inscription written in gold on green and white marble.

Diocesan House has no objection. The British workman is offered the contract. After many months all is completed.

Slipping into the church one evening I gaze in admiration at the work of art. Before leaving I raise the great lid above the font, more out of habit than anything else, in order to take a peek inside. There is no waste pipe—only the smooth round roll of the leaden bowl.

The foreman scratches his head.





They had tried, he said, to give me my waste pipe—yes, it was clearly marked in the contract—but found that only by drilling through twenty feet of reinforced concrete into the crypt would we have a suitable outlet; and this only a drip to the floor of the one-time air-raid shelter, unless the verger was so good as to stand beneath with a bucket. This would all cost money.

"What about a nice bird's-beak spout, sir?"

I like the idea. A bird's-beak spout projecting from the base of the bowl of the font appears a splendid solution to our little trouble.

Diocesan House are not in favour. They quite see that trying to scoop water out of a large lead-lined font with bare hands is not the easiest task. A bird's-beak spout would facilitate matters. Their concern, however, is as to what is going to happen to the waste water when the verger has collected it from the b.b. spout.

Such water, they explain in a helpful letter, can only be disposed of in a suitable manner. It must not, for example, be flushed down a lavatory pan. Were we ready to agree to this? If so we could have our bird's-beak spout; subject only to the usual fee for granting an additional faculty.

We agree. It is the only thing to do if we want the font settled on its memorial pavement. Strict instructions

are to be given by me as Vicar to the verger, who by now is growing a little crusty. He is not, he says, going to be given his directions any longer by any and every ruddy member of the congregation.

So, at a suitable moment, I am to explain carefully to the verger that once the water has been collected at the close of baptisms from the bird's-beak spout there must be no rushing to the back door of the church and flinging it out on to the graves in an unseemly manner. It has got to be disposed of suitably and with due decorum.

All that remains now is to launch the old font on the new memorial pavement with a splendid baptism service for babies. Even Diocesan House cannot object to this.

In the Church of England we can still get our babies. We may have to go out into the highways and byways for our congregation but there is no lack of babies. Mothers see to that, pressing them on us when they arrive declaring that they can never be happy until their little ones are "done" by us. They themselves may not have set foot inside the church since they were married and it is not going to be all that easy to get a god-parent of the same faith as the infant, but the baby is going to get a Christian start in life if it gets nothing else. It didn't ask to be born, did it? Very well then.

Fifteen babies are booked for this special service with no difficulty at all. A halt is called. Some of the disappointed mothers are outspoken. This we cannot help.

My curate assists me in visiting each home beforehand. Being new to the church he is rather shocked by some of the things that go on in regard to baptisms; that one can have a Church of England mother married to a Roman Catholic father with all the children except one going to the Baptist Sunday School treat on account of its being at Bognor.

This, I tell him, is no new thing, but has become quite a habit which no one—not even bishops—can stop without running the risk of becoming extremely unpopular and causing a lot of people to accuse the clergy of denying babies the means of grace.

The great day dawns. All is ready. A prayer-book is proffered to a fat man with a horse's-head brooch in his cravat.

"What is it, guv?" he says hoarsely.

"A prayer-book."

"No use to me. I can't see without me specs."

"But the promises? Do you know them by heart?"

"Sure, sure."

Late arrivals cause two false starts. Soon we are under way. The babies cry—it would be unnatural if they did not—some rage and roar, twisting like epileptics. The verger, who has recently taken to leading mothers with the more fractious of the babies far down the church, has by now got two of them almost out of sight. Few hear the words of the sacrament; all attempting to regain silence, strangers even darting out of the congregation to work the babies like cocktail shakers. Late for their feed, temper sours them, uncooled by the water dashed from my fingers into puckered faces.

"Are they all done?"—this screamed at last into the sobbing crowd. Nodding heads respond. It is all over.

We shake hands at the door, limply. One or two ask why we have moved the font. Much nicer the old way, it was. Others, wiping their eyes, declare that a baptism always makes them want to cry; the thought of little ones like ships launched on life's untimely voyage.

Half-way home to the vicarage I pull up short. I have quite forgotten to tell the verger what to do with the water.

Something Autumnal

By R. G. G. PRICE

FOR some men autumn means partridges or the St. Leger or the Feast of St. Cyprian; but for me it means the opening of the educational year. Whether as boy, undergraduate or assistant master, whether entering a new institution or already on the spot and interested to view the new intake, September has meant a temporary contact between the bloom of holiday and the abrasives of routine. For a few days the weeks of irresponsible rest leave a certain eagerness for new experience. I have known this liteness of spirit last nearly into October.

My first day at school was coloured by the fact that as I had been ill for some time I had not mixed with other boys, and my ideas of deportment were based on my observation of adults. My school-mates were not used to being made polite conversation to and my little stock of remarks about the weather and simple jests baffled them and rendered them really quite respectful. Four years later I stood lost amongst far more imposing surroundings. I had read so much about the terrors of school-life that I was keyed up to suffering rather than to mastering the complex of times and places which was to be my day. It was a confusing autumn, but soon I discovered that the fevered dreams of Dean Farrar were no guide to the realities of education in the post-Armistice decadence.

Oxford, in her age-long wisdom, starts the year later than schools. There is ample time to patronize masters at school matches and wander about the grounds wearing irregular clothes. I once even got into a small lesson in the Sixth Form Library without noticing a master was there, being puzzled by the lack of response from my late comrades to my matey approach. The master has since gone on to headmastership and lexicography; the memory of the social gaffe and the abrupt recovery of pupilage remains. My expectations of Oxford were completely thrown awry by *Sinister Street*. Other undergraduates of my year may have been surrounded by the bustle of unpacking noblemen's wine. I found myself spending my first week-end calling incessantly on undergraduates I had known at school and

drinking the more easily brewed beverages with them. Oxford autumns are, of course, memorable for many things besides new lecture lists, changes of rooms and the exchange of improbable vacation adventures. The leaves turn colour. They do this elsewhere; but at Oxford Nature is always delicately spectacular, probably anxious to impress the many minor poets in residence. On all the lawns are whirling spirals of fallen leaves, and freshmen are rather over-impressed by anchovy toast.

Autumn in Oxford is unalarming. The season begins to take darker hues when you return to school not as one of a crowd with the prospect of being free from torments in a handful of years but as one of the staff. The first approach may be misleading. A friendly voice greets you in the Common Room and shows you where to put your hat. Beware of it. It is only too apt to belong to the man nobody will chat to or the man who is always trying to unload his duties—"I think I might turn the Armoury over to you"—or to the man who is trying to recruit a faction. In a day or two the Common Room will have labelled you and you it. One of the new men with you is obviously unlikely to survive long—"Have you had that red-haired boy Baggle yet? I've told him that unless he stops playing the giddy-goat-like he and I are going to have words." In a week the other new man is saying to the Senior Master "Peggy and I are hoping you and Myra can drop in for a spot of dinner and bridge to-morrow."

The boys are initially more forbidding than

the staff. If you have your own form you spend much of the first morning doing administrative work, and your pupils get bored and you find you have left it just too late. When you go off to take other forms you find yourself waiting outside while a very senior colleague runs on into your period. Then you think that the tradition at this school may be that the next master goes right in and you are either greeted with a cold eye that soon spreads to the form or you get a genial wave of the hand and have to guess whether it means the old boy is off the bridge. Even then it is hard to convey to a form that you are now in charge while an elderly gentleman is being helped by four boys to collect exercise-books.

On your own you mistakenly try to wither them with a look. This may



produce cries of "He's taken against us" or "Dracula rides again." The reverse mistake is an attempt to establish common ground by a smile and a twinkle. This may lead either to leers and quite uncontrollable mateyness or to glacial refusal to be distracted from work. Many a first morning ends with the new man desperately trying to think of some scheme that will give him back the initiative, like promising that each week the top boy can cane the bottom boy.

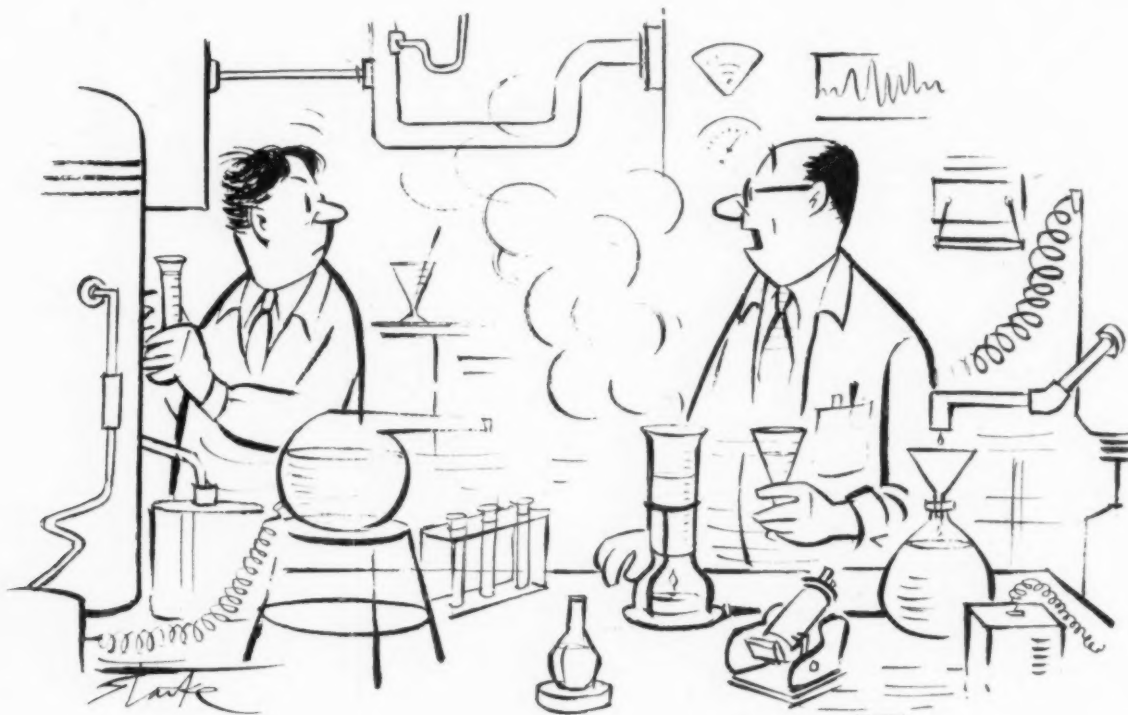
I knew one man who talked on his first morning in a soft, rather prosy voice. He said most people had some weakness to fight—he was very ashamed of his own. A violent temper was a terrible scourge to its possessor, but with a real effort it could be controlled, at least most of the time. When at times he had failed he had always been bitterly remorseful. He stared out of the window with a haunted look and then, with an apology for troubling the

form with personal tragedies, he proceeded to map out a heavy programme of work for the term.

The most courageous beginner I remember was a Mr. Thaxby, who was given a form that existed simply to drain the poison from other forms. The Headmaster blushed slightly when he explained the Special Form. Mr. Thaxby walked into the room very late. He sat smoking and reading until the Special Form switched from unorganized noise to the concerted howling that had produced hush-money from the man before. Then Mr. Thaxby strolled out into the grounds and read there. The next morning there had evidently been an indignation meeting. The Special Form said their parents had paid and they expected to be taught. Mr. Thaxby said he could not be dismissed without a term's notice and by then he would have inherited a pub from an aunt. The Special Form then got tough. The largest boy stood

with his back to the door and said "We're not going to waste our time hanging about while you take it easy." Henceforward they were hard taskmasters. If Mr. Thaxby arrived late or left early or failed to correct the prep they drove him back mercilessly to the job. In a very short time he was getting them through exams.

As term succeeds term, autumn ceases to be so dramatic. You establish some sort of balance. Boys returning from the holidays greet you as an established part of the school. New men peer doubtfully about. It is a pleasure to take them round and explain things. Some of them seem to be weak disciplinarians. As you walk over from the Common Room with them one of their boys and one of yours are keeping *Cave*. When their boy warns the form of their approach there is an outburst of hoots. Your own form, on the other hand, goes silent. You are ripe.



"Has anyone thought of lacing the H-bomb with a horrible smell?"

Ladies' Day in the Vaults

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

WHEN Dr. Middleton, that boring old classicist in *The Egoist*, was asked his verdict on the wine at Mrs. Mountstuart's dinner party, he said that ladies were, of course, famous poisoners in the Middle Ages. While making every allowance for extenuating circumstances, he gave it as his opinion that there was a class of manufacturing wine merchants in this country on the watch for widows. "Our hostess is not responsible; but widows should marry."

Of course widows should marry; the merrier the widow, the more often. She who takes a riper and richer husband each time is able to run through three or four and show a useful profit. But to have to hire a husband to set the cellar in order should not be necessary. A hostess can, and should be, responsible. Physically, intellectually, aesthetically, and morally, there is no reason why women should not cultivate as discriminating a taste in wine as men. Some women—and most French women—do. Women are equal assessors, if not equal executants, of other Arts; and it is not necessary to be an authority on viticulture and vinification to enjoy good wine.

In recent years there has been a great increase in the number of Englishwomen who buy, drink, and take an intelligent interest in wine. In recognition of this commendable trend the French wine importers, Lebègue, took the step unprecedented of having a Ladies' Day during their annual Wine Tastings last week. They took this step with some trepidation, certain misgivings, and a few warnings—"Do not be alarmed at the number of wines; nobody attempts to taste them all. Please do not wear scent."

The invitation was the greatest compliment they could pay the feminine sex, for these October Wine Tastings have become events in the City of London. They are primarily for representatives of the wine trade, but leading growers and the proprietors of world-famous Châteaux come to taste the wines of rival districts. The guests include gourmets, writers, connoisseurs, Ambassadors, aristocrats, members of the diplomatic corps, distinguished

foreigners, certain etceteras, but not all and sundry.

The Lebègue cellars under the arches of London Bridge Station seem as a mysterious, candle-lit temple to Bacchus, a temple which stretches away into the vaulted gloom as far as the eye can see. There are fourteen pagan altars, covered with white cloths; on each there are rows of wine bottles, each row lit by a candle set in an empty double magnum. A silent acolyte attends, withdrawing used glasses, washing and replacing them. The worshippers make their choice, pour the wine they wish to taste—and then the ritual: the offering of the wine to the candle-light to gauge its clarity; the swirling in the glass to release the bouquet; the tendering to the nostrils; the rolling of the wine in the mouth, and then the final ejection into the trough of sawdust.

There is no chanting in the temple of Bacchus; and little chattering. Faces and forms familiar and friendly in the outer world pass as wraiths and phantoms, ungreeted, ungreeting. Some faces are withdrawn, absorbed, dedicated; some are very worried. These belong to nervous neophytes who, unsure of the observances, tremble to participate. Indeed, the inhibitions of centuries have to be overcome before a lady can expectorate into sawdust. Yet once the first spit is taken self-consciousness vanishes... as with the breaking down of all social inhibitions, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*.

At the end of the long vaulted place there is an anti-cellar. Here is offered the only approved apéritif: Champagne Lebègue, Cuvée Supérieure, Extra Sec. And here is the seat of Epicurus. Lobsters are piled in profligate pink abundance; boars' heads lie with barons of beef; game is dressed in all its fine feathers. We pass through to narrow side-aisles walled with wine casks, where candle-lit tables are set for the votive feast. Time is no more. Midday or midnight? Midnight it must be. The sun was shining when we left the outer world, but that was long, long ago.

And then, at the time of Cognac, Private Reserve, comes the Director of the elegant group of publications dedicated to gracious living, who



earlier expressed the hope that we would be serious, sagacious; he did not add sober. The reason, he said, for a segregated Ladies' Day was that it had been feared that the presence of women would distract the men from serious wine-tasting. We had, we felt, comforted ourselves with dignity. For our part, we had not been distracted by the charming and courteous Châteaux owners who acted as guides. We had kept our eyes on the bottles. "Yes, indeed," he said, "next year, we should be able to risk mixed-bathing."

"I wouldn't miss it for anything," breathed 45-year-old 'Grannie' Durant, founder of Britain's first Liberace fan club. Mrs. Durant... plans to be at the dockside when he steps ashore... She's going to every one of his nine concerts... 'Expensive, but worth every penny,' she sighed. 'Like a cup of tea?'... She reappeared with her brew and two elegant Venetian glass candlesticks... 'They're white, black and gold,' she said, 'to match his room. Liberace has a passion for them. They'll be handed over at a fan club tea party at the Waldorf... We'll have a piano there... But I've warned all the members not to ask him to play for us. We mustn't do anything to upset him...'—*Daily Sketch*

Such as not asking him to play.



thing it is that politicians' threats so rarely come true!

The Labour Party conference always meets in towns that are safe Tory seats. I do not think that it would be fair to say that *post hoc* is *propter hoc*. The fact is rather that only such towns have halls with cafeterias large enough to accommodate all the members of the Party, save the one who happens to be addressing the conference at the debates on Socialist policy, at the same time. The debate on housing caused an overcrowding in the cafeteria of which the worst East End slum would have been ashamed.

The cafeterians were right enough, of course. No one had come to this year's Conference to talk about policy. Convention demanded a few passing references to things that were going on or

I HAD not set foot in Blackpool since in 1941 I had to drill recruits for the R.A.F. on its sands—or, to be more accurate, to watch them being drilled. I did not at that time fully realize how great was the service rendered to European culture by the late Herr Hitler in temporarily preventing Blackpool from being illuminated. For it is beyond all comparison the most hideous town that man has ever built, just tolerable when it cannot be seen, more full than any other of all those contraptions for making life more beastly and less gracious that are commonly and technically known as a higher standard of living. When I listen to the awful threat of the politicians—Socialist and Conservative alike—that they will double our standard of living in twenty years, I often wonder what they mean. I am afraid that what they mean is that they will make all the world look like Blackpool. What a good

might go on in the world outside, but the dominant mood of the Conference was that the Conservatives were making such a mess that Labour was sure to be back before long. The Labour Party, it is true, was losing members, but what did that matter so long as the Conservatives were losing them faster? It would merely be more jobs for fewer boys, and the important question remained, Who gives what to whom and who pays?

In such an atmosphere not even the attempt of Mr. Haynes to argue from the floor that Colonel Nasser, since he had started kicking Englishmen, had been transformed from a Fascist dictator into a proletarian hero, aroused much enthusiasm, and Mr. Gaitskell, speaking as one wobbler to another, was able to argue that Sir Anthony Eden, "wobbling into war," was still ahead of the Socialists on points for the number of times that he had contradicted himself on foreign policy. All the interest was on Tuesday morning and the elections. In the last days the newspapers had settled down to a cautious prophecy that Nye would win. On Monday evening there set in that psychological hedge which it is so common to find when calculating machines have not been sufficiently desiccated and when prophets have been prophesying a little more confidently than evidence warrants.

A rumour went round the bars that George Brown had won. Frank Cousins, it was said—whether truly or not I do not know—had given it as his opinion that George Brown had won. But on Tuesday morning the most loudly expressed opinion on the tram that goes down the Promenade—my own—was that Nye had just scraped home. We all scrambled into the Winter Gardens to hear the results. The scrutineer read them all out and made rather a clever turn of it, keeping us on tenterhooks by reading out all the less interesting results first and causing happy laughter by muddling up millions and thousands in giving his figures. The familiar names of the executive all made their appearance—Brewer (Bill) and Stewer (Jan) and Driberg (Tom) all elected. Only at the name of Silverman (Sydney) was there any general applause, and Sydney Silverman wagged his little beard like a metronome from the second row of the platform. While men were





going left, women were going right, and for the women Jean Mann was in and Jennie Lee was out.

Then at last "Treasurer: Bevan, A. Elected." There was loud applause, and camera-men and camera-women surrounded the beaming Nye about half-way down the hall. He rose and smiled at them and waved his agenda paper, and they all clicked. But what curious people journalists are! I have read no newspaper account of it from which one would not have guessed that such an ovation had never been given to any living man since time began—that the cheering was of the volume that is heard when a goal is scored at a football match. That is all, needless to say,



nonsense. Politicians in England happily do not ever waste very much time in applauding one another. They have better things to do, and indeed I prefer the English plan, where the ovations are invented by the journalists, to the tedious American formality, where they actually do happen. Still, there it was. It was undoubtedly Nye's day. Mr. Gaitskell did not look very comfortable, wondering doubtless "Where do we go from here?" and Trade Union leaders began to regret that Brighton had come before Blackpool and that they had lost their chance to join the Conservative Party. Still, for the moment there was nothing to be done about it. The figures were given out, and after them the housing debate and all hands to the cafeteria.

Later in the morning Nye made his own speech on housing. As soon as the news went round that he was up, sweetened coffees were downed and the crowds started streaming in from all sides like the crowds to the Cup Final at Wembley. There is no doubt that as a draw he is not only the first but virtually the only Socialist. There was applause once more, and Ian Mikardo



on the platform started vigorously licking his handkerchief and rubbing the end of his red tie with it. The tie had, I think, flopped into Tony Greenwood's coffee. I was so interested in this manoeuvre that I did not listen to much of Nye Bevan's speech. But that did not greatly matter, because I was able to read it all afterwards in the newspapers, while if I had not noticed Mikardo's tie for myself I should never have heard about it.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

A Horseman's Lay

WHO kicked me off? I held the rein
And white with anger more than pain
I clambered on his back again,
My pony.

Whose photo was it that I found
Delightedly in *Horse and Hound*
Above the line "Mac West—clear round"?
My cob.

What horse was I constrained to lend
To someone I had thought my friend,
Who broke him down—a tragic end?
My hunter.

Who, when I rode him, flew so fast
All question of defeat was past,
Yet failed to take off at the last?
My 'chaser.

Who, when they pulled me out, inert,
With red blood oozing through my shirt,
Wondered if I was really hurt?
Myself.

ROBIN MOUNT





In the City

A Shop Users' Association

NOW that the Government, through its membership of the Suez Canal Users' Association, has at last formally recognized the rights of users and consumers, the way should be open for a new drive by the "League of Militant Customers."

For fifteen years industry has operated on the assumption that the customer is a mug, a credulous fool ever ready to take the rap and carry the can. When American efficiency experts tell us that our economy is "cosseted" they mean only one thing—that it is too easy in Britain to make profits and win wage increases. We have repaired most of the physical damage done during the war, rebuilt houses and factories and renewed plant, but industry is still suffering from hallucinations of easy aggrandisement nurtured by the long years of featherbed security and bureaucratic protection. During the war and the post-war period of economic duress managements took their moderate profits for granted: margins were officially approved and virtually guaranteed. A company had only to remain in business to be certain of limited success. Not too much, not too little, but enough to keep everybody, including the shareholders, happy; enough to make sure that comfortable executive jobs remained well-paid and fortified with expenses, not enough to start ugly and dangerous canards about "profiteering."

And the workers? If they could remain in employment the annual increments appeared as if by magic in the pay-pocket. No need to go bolshy or waste time attending stuffy old union meetings: leave the negotiations to the enthusiasts, to the Government's anxiety to placate organized labour, and the bosses' vested interest in industrial peace.

Every move in this friendly pillow-fight between management and men has boosted prices, every addition to the long list of restrictive practices has resulted in the shopper getting less for more.

The experts agree that what we need is a stiff round of competition in the home market. British industry is handicapped in world markets because home trade fails to provide it with the necessary practice in the competitive arts. And it is the customer's job to see that this training is not neglected.

The League of Militant Customers is a body dedicated to passive resistance. The Americans stimulate sales by appealing to the gregarious and acquisitive instincts through a calendar of special buy-it-now weeks and days (Fathers' Day, Mothers' Day, Carpet Week, Bed Linen Week): the L.M.C. will stifle the propensity to consume by instituting meatless days, breadless weeks, Mother-in-Law Day, Teetotal Tuesdays, and so on. It will also boycott the goods of all companies which



In the Country

Why Don't We Make Money?

I DO not regard myself as honorary treasurer to the Union of Forgers, nor am I a Vice-President of the Counterfeit Coinage Society. But nevertheless I do think that we should be allowed to print our own money when we run short of it. We always had that privilege in the past. It wasn't until about 1830 that it became illegal for any corporate body other than the Bank of England to issue money. Previous to that many towns, and even villages, issued their currency to augment their own credit.

I have come across Plymouth pennies. At Hartland, a village of under two thousand inhabitants, £5 notes were printed. One can be seen to-day there, hanging framed above the bar of a local pub. This particular money was

through take-over operations threaten to become too big for their boots and shoes. The L.M.C. is supported by Mr. Macmillan and the National Savings Committee, and accumulated funds will be invested in the new Premium Savings Bonds.

Readers wishing to join the movement should wear the League's button (a shopper *passant regardant* with the inscription "Customer Always Right.") You make it yourself.

Meanwhile, let me warn "self-employed persons" against hasty action in accepting the new pension offers of the assurance offices. The terms as published in the storm of brochures and leaflets are extraordinarily varied, and much window shopping is needed to find the bargains. I recommend a careful study of the literature of at least half a dozen companies, and the advice of someone who knows the ropes. But more on this subject later.

MAMMON

* * *

backed not by gold—an inedible and infertile commodity at its best—but by agricultural lime, which was produced from a kiln on the quay. Since North Devon has a clay soil needing a regular application of lime, a currency backed by this commodity was well respected and stable.

This year we've lost 60 per cent of our harvest. It is silly to blame the weather. Our failure is due to the fact that we haven't enough combine harvesters. And that lack is because we haven't enough pieces of printed paper circulating among the farmers. The harvesters were in the towns, ready for sale; the corn was in the fields, ready for gathering. It isn't the weather that impoverishes us, but that greedy Hog, the City of London, which has collared all privileges, including coinage, into its metropolitan maw.

Now that the crime is ten or twelve years old I will confess to it. During the last war I did issue chits marked "Good for one ton of logs," and signed them. Locals accepted these bits of paper for work done and never claimed the firewood. This way the carpenter was paid for making a window for me, and with the same note he reimbursed the thatcher, who then did his roof.

No age has ever been so garrulous on the subject of freedom and had so little as this one. I count the privilege of having access to my own credit, and when necessary printing my own money, as basic. Is that so very odd of me?

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Frank Harris Revisited

UNDREAM'D of Shores: sandwiched on a sixpenny street book-stall between *Freckles*, by Gene Stratton Porter and an early historical novel by John P. Marquand, silted over with grime and soot from the railway terminus nearby, the oddly evocative title caught my eye. As a young man I had met the author once, and much later wrote an account of my visit to his villa in the south of France, but it was many years since I had opened one of his books. How, I wondered, would he read to-day?

Out of curiosity I picked up the volume and read on the flyleaf an inscription to a friend: "these last stories by Frank Harris," and the date "Dec., '24." The ink was brown and faded; the handwriting clear, oblique, and curiously delicate for so robust and virile a personality. "Autographed copy: 6/-" was pencilled above. This seemed a good bargain for sixpence, and so it proved.

Novelist, editor, controversial author of *The Man Shakespeare*, friend and biographer of Wilde and Shaw, literary adventurer, according to some a black-guard and even a blackmailer, Frank Harris—though his autobiography, *My Life and Loves*, on his own valuation at the luncheon-table consisted of "pure filth," and could certainly be considered a pornographic work—was nevertheless acknowledged in his day as a master of the short story. *Montes the Matador* and *Elder Cocklin* were everywhere compared to de Maupassant, and Arnold Bennett among others regarded him with respect. On the evidence of *Undream'd of Shores*, comprising twelve stories and a coda—"My Last Word"—in semi-Biblical style, this view was not altogether unjustified.

There is no echo of the 'nineties, no hint of the baroque in his style, which—owing no doubt to the Maupassant influence and, at a further remove, to that of Prosper Mérimée—is graphic and unadorned: though the subject-matter is frequently exotic (since the

settings include Paris, Vienna, Samarkand, China, Africa and the ramparts of Heaven), Harris's handling of it remains strictly realistic.

The stories are mostly told in the first person, either directly or recounted by the protagonists to a narrator who is plainly intended to be Harris himself. (When asked by a lunatic whether he writes essays or stories, he replies "Both; but I prefer stories and pen-portraits of important contemporaries,"



adding "You can put as much imagination into a portrait as you like.") It is not inconceivable that Somerset Maugham may have been influenced by this conception of a tolerant and worldly globe-trotter, treating life as material for literature, always ready to lend a sympathetic ear to the troubles of his fellow-men, providing that these are likely to form the basis of an interesting tale.

Harris's narrator, however, is less impersonal, more susceptible and ready to take sides, and (oddly enough) easier to shock. A fair portrait of the author in fact emerges: anxious to show his sensibility, his interest in music and painting, and to display the extent of his culture by discursions on art ("Everyone can see that Watteau is infinitely more

gifted as a painter than Rembrandt; Rembrandt carries it because he was the greater man . . . The brainwork in Rembrandt is far higher.") In this respect he resembles Aldous Huxley, though at a lower intellectual level. His attitude towards the opposite sex, while ostensibly cynical, is in reality rather naïve; and the sentimentality of the born libertine is occasionally revealed in his rapturous descriptions of female beauty, despite the fact that Rachel, heroine of *In Central Africa* and daughter of a powerful Mohammedan chief who lived in a kraal on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, taught him "to see the ordinary girl without glamour or romance." (His disillusionment with Rachel began when "the thigh, properly kept for a fortnight and smoked, of a young girl about thirteen years old" was served up as a delicacy to the Sultan and it became evident that his daughter, too, enjoyed the taste of human flesh; but matters were brought to a head when Rachel proposed marriage, and he deemed discretion the better part of valour: "matrimony—straight off—without more ado—I was not prepared for it.")

The smoked thigh caused the storyteller to "think better of some prejudices," we are told, but Harris's other stories also have strong sadistic overtones: especially *A Chinese Story*, in which an Eric-Ambler-like Russian guide named Shimonski, who takes an "epicurean pleasure in cruelty," shows him the sights of Shanghai. (An elderly Chinese offers to commit suicide for their delectation, in order to provide a ten-dollar dowry for his daughter; the gigantic executioner of a band of pirates points proudly to a headless corpse: "That's the way I do my work; all you have to do is to keep quiet, chin up, head back.") Harris had an objective interest in violence akin to Hemingway's: indeed, *The Great Game*, a tale of the American boxing-world, is a forerunner of *Fifty Grand*. (Dick Donovan becomes a featherweight, then a bantamweight, and finally a lightweight champion, but finds it more profitable to sell fights on the instructions of Sid Harriman, "a

betting man, whom the boys thought to be a millionaire.")

Undream'd of Shores was published by Grant Richards seven years before the author's death; and despite his abundant talent Harris died in disappointment and neglect. It is sad to think of so much gusto, ambition, and appetite for life coming to rest at last among the trashy titles, the dust and grit of the sixpenny stall.

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

Modern French Stories. Edited by John Lehmann. *Faber*, 15/-

Those who look for the comic invention of the French theatre and cinema will find little of it here. To most of these eighteen authors life is drab, pointless and cruel; they are less concerned with wit and elegance than with a passionate realism that misses nothing, certainly neither blood nor sweat. Mr. Lehmann has drawn on a cross-section which seems to give a fair indication of French trends. The translations are good, and so clearly is much of the writing.

Many of the stories are without shape, giving the impression of excerpts from a novel or longer essay; very few drop anchor neatly, though Sartre, Marcel Aymé and Jules Supervielle, probably because they are playwrights, work up to an end (the last two daring to be funny). Slender helpings from the Kafkateria are the weakest, but the best reflect the deep love of the country, the power and the human insight which we expect from France.

E. O. D. K.

Wing Leader. Group Captain J. E. Johnson. *Chatto and Windus*, 15/-

In his foreword to this book Group Captain Bader commends it to future generations of cadets and he has every reason to do so. Using a background of absorbing descriptions of air battles Group Captain Johnson, who was the top Allied fighter ace of the last war with thirty-eight accredited victories, discusses the tactics of air fighting in a manner made interesting by the complete absence of technicalities.

The author entered the fighting during the Battle of Britain and, apart from a six-months rest period, flew with fighter squadrons until the end of the war in Europe. His autobiography is therefore so closely linked with Fighter Command's struggle against the Luftwaffe that the book gives a different angle on a subject made familiar by others in their wartime experiences.

A. V.

Winter Quarters. Alfred Duggan. *Faber*, 15/-

The problems confronting any serious historical novelist are manifold, and Mr. Duggan in his previous books has solved most of them triumphantly. Dialogue alone presents an obstacle that

is hard to get over: the avoidance of "tushery" and, at the same time, a too colloquial modern idiom—especially when, as in *Winter Quarters*, the story is told in the first person.

Mr. Duggan's narrator, a Gallic noble known during his military career in Rome, during the reign of Julius Caesar, as Licinius Camillus, never falls into either pitfall: the tale of his adventures, dictated to an ex-legionary in the long winter evenings after the murder of Caesar, is translated into supple modern English (though Camul's Latin, he tells us, is fluent but incorrect); and the descriptions of Roman customs, as seen through the eyes of a stranger, are brilliantly factual. This is also the story of Camul's best friend Acco, who renounces a Druidical future to accompany him, and "whom the goddess and the things of the women hunted right across the world": the goddess—Bona Dea, or the Terrible Lady, according to taste—being also "Vesta, and, of course, Hecate of the three shapes, and perhaps Diana as well . . ."

J. M. R.



AT THE PLAY

The Doctor's Dilemma (SAVILLE)

ANY fears that the National Health Act might drop a gauze curtain between the play of 1906 and the audience of 1956 turn out to be groundless, even though the chief heading under which Shaw attacked the medical profession was its vested interest in disease, and the shocking fact that a man who makes his living by cutting off legs will cut off all the legs he can whether they need it or not. In any case it is his preface to the play which is extravagant and bitter and far from funny; the play itself makes this and related points with an effect chiefly comic, and is on the whole more diverting than convincing. Again, Shaw's recommendation for "the municipalization of Harley Street" remains unimplemented by the National Health Service, and except for the preposterously piteous Dr. Blenkinsop all the doctors of *The Doctor's Dilemma* are Harley Street men. The Cutler Walpoles and Bloomfield Boningtons of 1906, if they existed then, exist to-day, and the passage of half a century has not impaired their qualifications as Aunt Sallies.

As so often in Shaw, it is hard to distinguish the larger from the lesser themes—though this is an objection which the dramatist, not caring about the nature of an argument as long as he had one, would have dismissed as trivial. But an audience should be enabled to identify which particular exercise in axe-grinding is throwing up the sparks. Is the "dilemma" of Sir Colenso Ridgdon a general, professional one between preserving a dull, good man rather than a brilliant, bad man, or a private, personal one between saving a man's life rather



"Stop whistling those damn selections from 'Bitter Sweet.'"

than letting him die and marrying his widow? Is the play a witty and mischievous savaging of physicians and surgeons or a vindication of the artist's creed? Shaw, as usual, rushes up other discursive by-ways, sometimes when dramatic considerations really demand that he should keep to the main road. There seems no excuse for introducing the newspaper man, except as an opportunity for anti-journalist wisecracks. Jennifer's unheralded burst of animal-loving in the last scene trips up the action disconcertingly. Schutzmacher's apologia for Jewry, merely the germ of some other play, does the same for the Star and Garter sequence. But the greater part of the play is devoted to laughing at doctors and, whatever Shaw thought he was writing about, this is what any audience must chiefly remember—with a qualm, perhaps, if any of them happen to be under medical supervision at the time.

Nevertheless, it all demonstrates the greatness of G.B.S. He may go on about a thing to the point of tedium, leave his actors to transmute types into persons, work what comedians call a "running gag" to death (Cutler Walpole has to make his joke about blood-poisoning at least three times too often), but the vigour and imagination of the writing, the skilled matching of an argument on one side with an argument as seemingly unassailable on the other, the flow of wit and fun, the stimulating positiveness of thought (so much theatre is negative nowadays) are overwhelming compensations.

The play is a feast of fatness for actors, and those at the Saville devour it with gusto. The Ridgdon of Anthony Ireland is a monument of distinction, and Michael Hordern's Bloomfield

Bonington, confident of his place as the audience's darling, booms with great (perhaps too great) enjoyment. As Sir Patrick, Lewis Casson turns in another of his crumpled ancients, and Paul Daneman's Dubedat, an engaging young monster, will come as a revelation to those only remembering him as the original Vladimir of *Waiting for Godot*.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Bridie's *Mr. Bolfry* (Aldwych—5/9/56) for laughter with Sim and sin; for Edith Evans in a play of quality, *The Chalk Garden* (Haymarket—25/4/56); Ustinov, as playwright and player, is at his best in *Romanoff and Juliet* (Piccadilly—30/5/56).

J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE BALLET

Romeo and Juliet
(COVENT GARDEN)

ULANOVA, the legendary ballerina of the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet, has not been over-rated. Uneasy speculations before the curtain rose on the opening night of the Russian season were dispelled almost as soon as she made her first entry. Here, indeed, was Juliet. As dancer and actress Ulanova was in every gesture, movement and look the young girl of the poet's imagination. And this complete identity of performer and character was sustained, in an interpretation of wonderful sensitivity and sincerity, until the tragic end.

There are few set dances for Juliet in this long ballet by L. Lavrovsky and S. Prokofiev, and none of any length—

nothing of the virtuoso display that we have come to expect in a leading part. It was almost as though the dancing were the spontaneous expression of the moment's mood—an inspired and impulsive improvisation. The poetry of Shakespeare's loveliest heroine was distilled without words.

Romeo and Juliet, to music by Prokofiev which one realizes is inseparable without grave loss from the action of the ballet, is a magnificent spectacle, lavishly staged and dressed. It sticks so closely to the play that scarcely anything of the drama passes unexpressed. Much more is mimed than danced, though to speak thus of miming is misleading. The large company is evidently composed of dancers who are also remarkably good actors. Not once did I detect resort to the conventional vocabulary of mime. Facial play and a lively talent for characterization carry the drama so convincingly that the dancing seems to arise out from the action and to be continuous with it.

Outstanding performances in the talented ensemble were those of Iraida Olenina, an ample and richly Shakespearean Nurse; Nina Chistova, a gay and charming friend of Juliet's; and Alexander Radunsky, as right-seeming a Capulet as any Shakespearean pundit could demand.

In the early scenes the highest pitch of excitement was reached with the superb sword-play perfectly, though far from obviously, timed with the music. The Covent Garden orchestra gave a most creditable account of a largely unfamiliar score under the direction

from memory of Yuri Faier, a conductor who is almost blind.

For most ballet-goers this was a first sight of authentic Russian Ballet. That which for nearly fifty years has been known among us by that name originated with Diaghilev's breaking away from it. From his and all other non-conforming influences the ballet of Russia has remained untouched. To watch the Bolshoi company is to get a glimpse of the Russian Ballet as it was before Diaghilev transported it and enlisted an advanced guard of musicians, painters and choreographers to give it contemporary relevance.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE OPERA

Venus and Adonis—Ruth
(SCALA)

HOW is English opera coming on, the dear, frail pet? Thriving on its mistakes? As flop followed flop at Covent Garden—*Pilgrim's Progress* on the heels of *The Olympians*, *Gloriana* and *A Midsummer Marriage* in the wake of *P.P.*—back-slapping patriots in the crush bar openly exulted. "It is only by writing bad operas," they reasoned, "that English composers will ever learn how to write good ones."

On the assumption that the bigger the mistake the better the lesson will be, this double bill, put on by the English Opera Group, should greatly cheer all who have the future of our lyric stage at heart. *Venus and Adonis* (1682, music by John Blow) is a lump of lugubrious mythology, with Adonis (tenor) dying a-sprawl a sofa after endless *continuo* moonings on the 'cello, conventional *accouplements* for two flutes, and toasting-fork-on-birdcage sounds from the harpsichord.

The *clou* of this production is supposed to be a spelling lesson for a ballet of small-girl cupids with plastic bows and one large portable heart (transfixed). There were women around me in the circle who breathed "The darlings!" Old crusties like myself found these proceedings insufferably arch and the concomitant music, despite Editor Imogen Holst's praise of it in the programme, undistinguished. Musical cliché sounds none the less clichoid for being near three hundred years old.

Played against a dropcloth designed in poor man's Braque, the instrumental prelude to *Ruth* was sober and telling; it had that air of engine-turned exactitude which always marks the best (an excellent best) of Lennox Berkeley's music. Remembering the buxom, overblown strains of *Nelson*, I said to myself "Berkeley has learned his lesson. Profiting by Nelsonic mistakes he is now writing for the theatre with fruitful economy. Perhaps there's something to be said for the good-out-of-bad school after all."

Alas, no. As the three brief acts

ULANOVA AS GISELLE



unfolded Mr. Berkeley's uncommonly pretty harmonies began to cloy, his finely-nerved counterpoint to evolve in *vacuo*. As his melodic line grew in span and elaboration, so did it dwindle in bite and beauty. In a composer of Berkeley's proved talent such a declension points to some external cause. This is not far to seek. The libretto which Eric Crozier has devised for him from the Bible story does little more than throw Ruth at Boaz' feet and, most chastely, into his arms, after a brief brush with the women of Judah. Devoid of incident, action and conflict, the text resolves itself into a string of inflated operatic set pieces. Stage padding inevitably begets musical padding.

Amid blocks of alien corn that looked like counters ready for a garden fête, the chorus were for ever singing about harvest home while romping with sickles, sheaves and rakes. They and the principals (Anna Pollak, Peter Pears, Una Hale and Thomas Hemsley) sang feelingly and often with brilliance. But why the romps? It is only in American musicals that you find chorusmen and choruswomen who romp and dance really well. In grand opera such double-functioning is a pain in the eye. The Musicians' Union, of whose activities I rarely approve, ought to look into this abuse and insist for all our sakes on the traditional division of labour: chorus for singing, ballet for dancing.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES



Double Destiny
The Lowest Crime
Don Camillo's Last Round
The Silken Affair

I HAVE been trying to analyze my reasons for taking against the three films at the head of my list; all three are second-rate French films, and for some reason I seemed to find them more depressing than I might have three equivalent English productions. Perhaps it is only that one has got into the habit of going with higher hopes to small Continental black-and-white films than one dares to entertain about anything native. But in this case there is more to it than that; my main grouse is about the way in which the methods which have made the great French films are coming to be used automatically. The first part of *Double Destiny* (Director: Victor Vicas), for instance, takes place in Paris, is full of Left Bank types and traffic, and might have come from any other French film about Paris. It concerns a Frenchman who loses his memory in the war and is found with German identifying papers on him. Which woman will he cleave to? The second, or German, part is heavy with political preaching, though I enjoyed the moment when the hero was startled into dropping a stained glass window. "Now look what you've done," said the caption.



(*The Lowest Crime*; *Double Destiny*; *Don Camillo's Last Round*)

LEO GENN

MICHEL AUCLAIR

SIMONE SIMON

FERNANDEL

The Lowest Crime (Director: Guy LaFranc) is about blackmail. It has an English villain (Leo Genn) who in turn presumably has, though my ear is not good enough to detect it, a sinister English accent. The action, of which there is plenty, takes place mostly after dark and concerns the efforts of the Englishman, in the intervals of running his nationwide blackmail ring, to supplant one of his assistants (Raymond Pellegrin) in the affections of the honest daughter of another of their co-workers; in the end the bad boy makes good, dying, of course, in the process. I cannot remember a more completely ham set of criminals; no amount of shots of *bistro* interiors could make one believe that they inhabit a real Paris, despite convincing performances by Magali Noel, as the girl, and Pellegrin.

Thirdly, there is the latest, though whatever the title says it can hardly be hoped to be the last, episode in the *Don Camillo* series. I find it hard to be fair to these, partly because they seem such a waste of Fernandel's great gifts and partly because I have no sympathy with their technique of using Christ in much the same way as Barrie used fairies. (Perhaps that's not what is intended by the makers, but it is certainly the effect it has on, at any rate, English audiences: a sure sentimental laugh.) Anyway nobody could deny that *Don Camillo's Last Round* is pretty well automatic: automatic writing by Giovanni Guareschi, directing by Carmine Gallone, and automatic, if distinguished, acting by Fernandel and Gino Cervi. As near as they can make it the same as last time.

Perhaps, in the circumstances, it is only insular unfairness that prevented me from being depressed by *The Silken Affair* (Director: Roy Kellino), a second-rate English comedy. In fact I enjoyed it. David Niven plays an accountant who, for the hell of it, falsifies the accounts of two rival stocking firms, so that the sound one goes nearly bust and the shares of the dying one rocket; he is egged on to do this by Genevieve Page, a girl he keeps meeting in taxis, buses and anywhere else that the plot demands it. It is the old get-out-of-your-rut-and-see-where-it-lands-you joke, but done with such frivolity that one can easily forgive that and ignore the fact that a film whose plot turns on finance and the law should manage to convince the complete ignoramus, at least, of the validity of its financial and legal aspects. There are some good zany moments. David Niven manages with complete assurance a part that it would have been easy to overdo, and it is not hard to convince oneself of the excellence of an actress as attractive as Miss Page.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Bad Seed (5/9/56), the impressive film about a child murderer, is on at last. Otherwise *Guys and Dolls* (3/10/56) and *The Great Locomotive Chase* (29/8/56), both good all-round entertainment, continue.

Releases include *The King and I* (26/9/56) with the remarkable Yul Brynner, and *I'll Cry To-morrow* (6/6/56) a feminine *Last Week-end*.

PETER DICKINSON



ON THE AIR Serials

NEW media in entertainment always make lavish use of serials. Nineteenth-century magazines, catering for the literate poor, serialized Dickens; the early films serialized the exploits of Eddie Polo and Pearl White; steam radio has serialized Galsworthy, the Archers, the Dales (and now the Third Programme has the Cramps); and television has serialized *Jane Eyre*, *Quatermass*, Richard Dimbleby and Billy Bunter.

Serial literature is no longer very popular, though the big popular weeklies still carry instalments of best-selling novels and the Sunday newspapers like to spread themselves on the memoirs of celebrities. Serial films have gone right out of fashion, though cynics would contend that serials are unnecessary when all films are variations on a single narrative theme and a single emotional gimmick devised many years ago in Hollywood. But serial radio and serial TV go from strength to strength. The Dales, Archers and Groves have an enormous following. Listeners and viewers make regular appointments with their heroes, wouldn't miss them for the world. A date with Mrs. Dale is something to look forward to, an experience of predictable cosiness in a world of uncertain values and promised pleasures that often fail to live up to expectations. The serial scores over other programmes (for many people) merely because it provides entertainment of unvarying quality. The Groves may be a bit of a bore, but you do know, when you switch them on, exactly what you are in for.

It can, of course, be argued that nearly



[David Copperfield

Clara Peggotty—EDNA MORRIS; Daniel Peggotty—GEORGE WOODBRIDGE; Little Emily—PATRICIA ROOTS; David Copperfield—LEONARD CRACKNELL

all radio and TV entertainment is now set in serial form—the panel games and parlour tricks, the give-away programmes, the films imported from America, *Liberace*, the record round-ups and sessions in the palm court. We know what to expect from every one of them, and when we feel in the mood it is seldom that we are more than mildly disappointed.

Serialized classics, however well done, cannot be regarded as ideal material for radio and TV. Adaptations of literary works do not as a rule break down into convenient lengths: the instalments tend to be woefully lacking in balance, offering either too much or too little of action, description, character and recapitulation. Vincent Tilsley's *David Copperfield*, to be completed in thirteen weekly parts, has made a good start, but whether he can handle the lengthy *dramatis personae* without converting the novel into a comic strip remains to be seen. In episode one

Leonard Cracknell made a splendid job of David, and William Devlin, Meadows White and Edna Morris promised riches in the roles of Murdstone, Barkis and Clara Peggotty.

I was disappointed with the latest "Report from America" on "Back to School." Joseph C. Harsch is an admirable narrator, amusing, laconic and objective, but on this occasion he failed to do justice to a subject of immense interest. Admittedly, he was handicapped rather severely by the indifferent film, by campus studies stiff with awkwardly contrived incidents and prepared statements. The staff of the high school in Morgantown, West Virginia, spoke as if they were giving evidence before a committee of the

Daughters of the Revolution. They were so smug and self-righteous that the degree of juvenile delinquency hinted at seemed unbelievably modest.

For the record I should like to mention that the B.B.C. made history when it televised the final of the tennis singles championship (professional) at Wembley. The show began at 9.30 on Saturday night and ended, after four sets of truly remarkable tennis, at 12.30 on Sunday morning. When I had cooled down I felt sorry for everyone concerned—for Gonzales and Sedgman, both worn to a frazzle, for the umpire and linesman, for the spectators (many of them condemned to a long walk home), for the cameramen, technicians and commentators (still talking about that "vital seventh game"), and for the poor viewer.

I just made it, spent a wretched night, and awoke with eye-strain and a blinding headache.

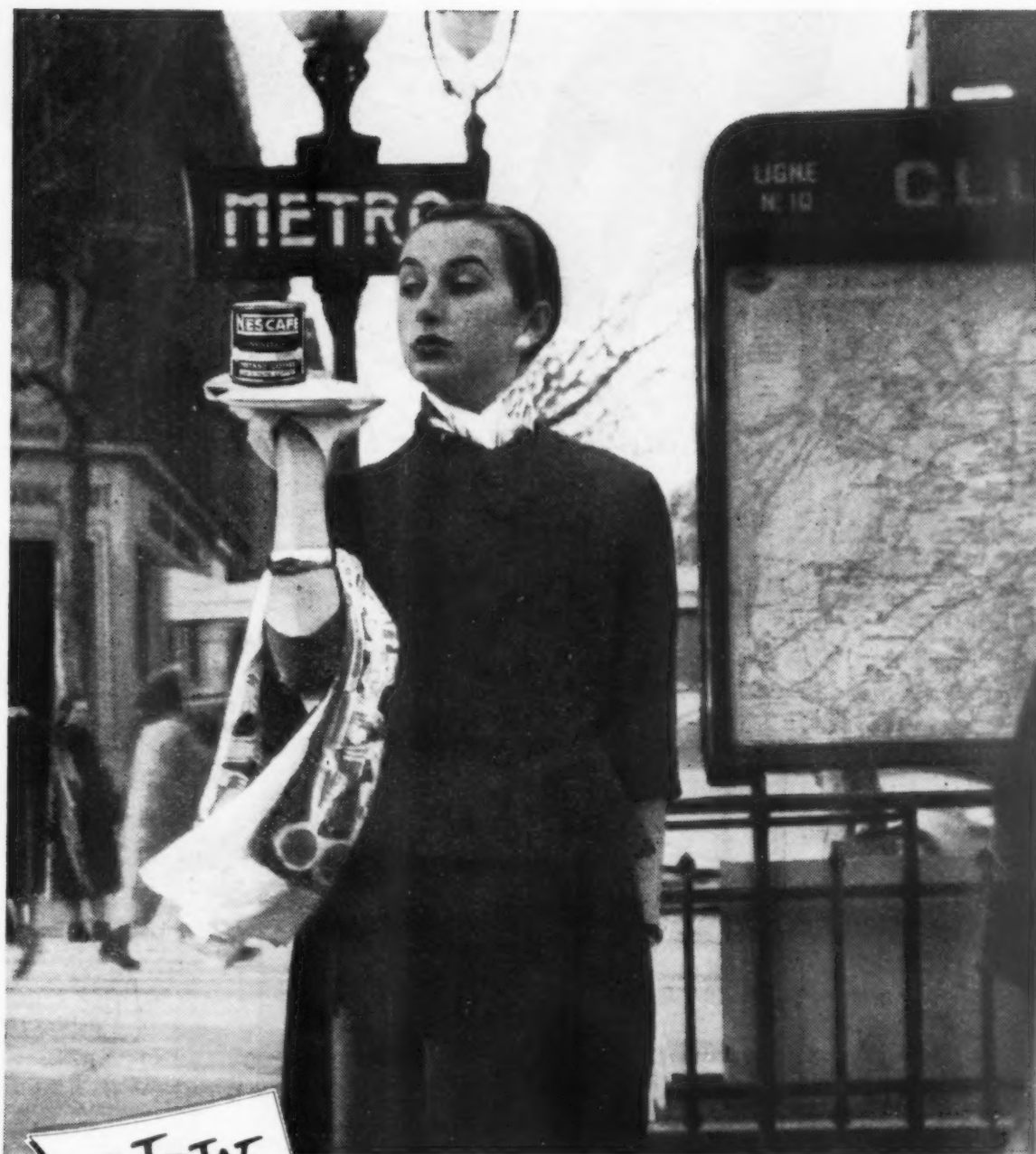
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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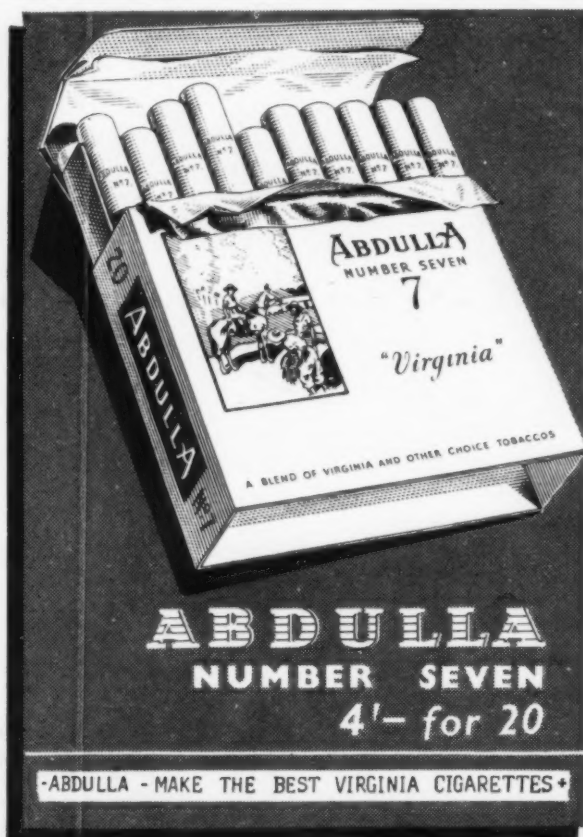
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Punch, October 10 1956



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A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit and hat, holding a tennis racket, standing under a large umbrella. The umbrella's canopy is a globe showing the world map. A smiling sun is in the top left corner, and a small airplane flies in the sky above the umbrella. A dashed line connects the sun to the airplane. The background consists of diagonal hatching.

Everywhere under the sun

And how brilliantly you travel when you fly KLM. Air-conditioned comfort – but a warmth of hospitality which is right out of this world. Just the service you want when your journeyings take you to far-off places and tropical climes. Above all, KLM have such an obliging knack of having a plane going where and when you want it.

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• SOUTH AMERICA

• CARIBBEAN

• CENTRAL AMERICA



A black and white photograph of a man in profile, wearing a Kangol flat cap. The cap is a single piece of material that wraps around the head.

Patents pending Reg. Design No. 874971

one piece flexible cap

KANGOL
CAP

Cleator
Cumberland England



A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit and hat, holding a telephone receiver to his ear. He has a surprised expression.

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CAR HIRE

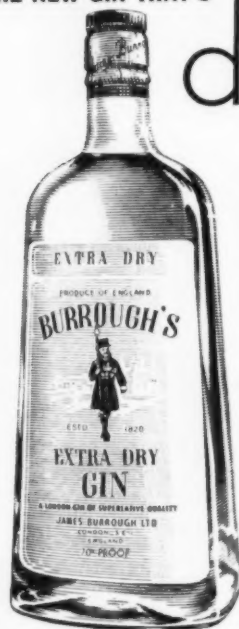
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Burrough's Extra Dry costs 35/6 a bottle, a little more than other gins, but you'll agree the difference in price is absurdly small for the vast difference in quality. Ask your wine merchant.

Different in taste—One sip and you'll be enjoying the difference... its subtle dryness and velvet soft, mellowness.

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Distillers of fine gins since 1820

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Made with pride from rich, supple leather which is a joy to handle. Styled with the utmost restraint—yet with abounding comfort. The craftsmen behind these magnificent shoes understand feet as well as shoemaking. It pays to buy very, very good shoes... every time. Health Brand styles are available from 79/11 upwards.

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Black or
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a full Range
of Fittings

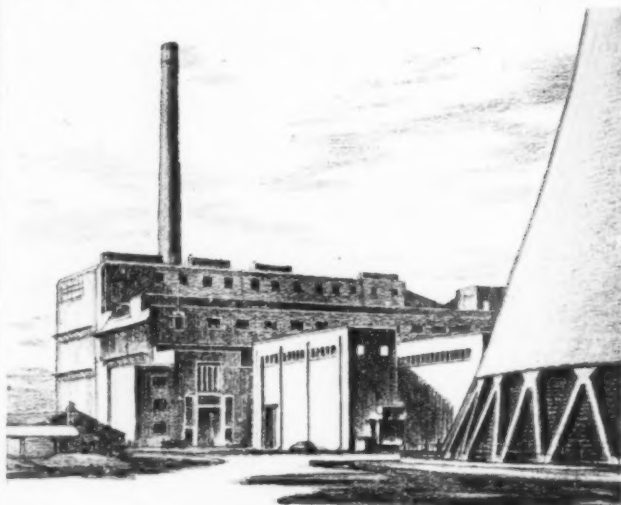
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SHOES BY
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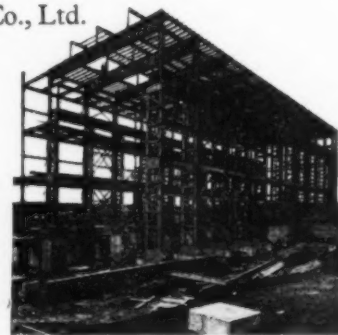
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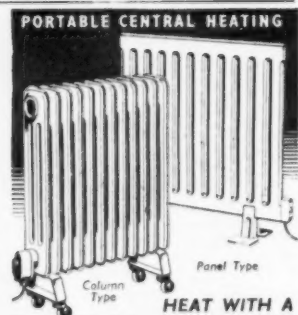


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According to
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COME AND SEE the NEW Sumrie Shop for Men at Robinson & Cleaver in Regent Street which is now open for the man whose clothes *must* be good—really good. Here he will discover a new conception of the art of being clothed immediately and immaculately within a moderate budget.

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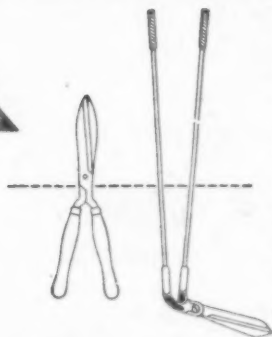
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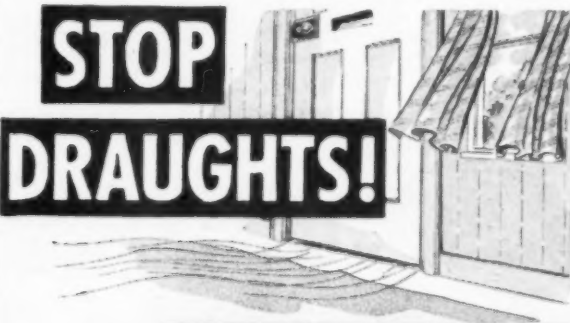
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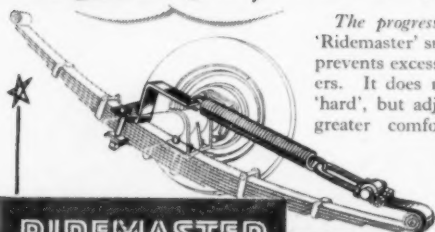
Rich and Luscious
with the outstanding
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variable - rate
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EARL OF WOOLTON, C.H.,
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"I trust the public will give it the support it so richly deserves."

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The fund itself carries out Cancer Research in its own laboratories without state aid. New lines of research are starting: new equipment and extra staff are wanted. Please send a gift to the Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

Back-number ballerina now dances regularly

Oh, how lovely Rose used to be. Light as thistledown she looked. Not now, of course. They've taken to calling her the Corpse de Ballet. "So," I quizzed her, "and how is the prisoner at the barre?"



"I've got a life sentence," sighed Rose. "If I go on having all this trouble with my inside, I can't see myself even dancing a hornpipe on flat feet."

"Your worn pipe," I misheard her, "has thirty flat feet."

"What are you talking about?" sniffed Rose.

"The 30-ft. pipe in your tummy," I said, "that all your food has to go through. You've got muscles down there that teach it the right arabesques. But, if you eat a lot of soft, starchy stuff, they get out of training and stop work."

"Heavens!" cried Rose. "What comes next?"

"Le Spectre de la Rose," I sighed. "Your choreography's got a poor central theme. You look awful, you feel awful, and you develop a bad line in constipation. When this happens," I said, "it's time for a *pas seul*."

"Meaning what?" asked Rose.

"Meaning," I said, "that the only step to take is to get yourself some bulk."

"Bulk?" said Rose suspiciously. "Is it fattening?"

"No, slimming," I said. "Bulk is simply a technical term for Kellogg's All-Bran. Gives those inner muscles of yours something to work on. You eat a little All-Bran every morning, and you'll soon be 'regular' again."

Exit Rose, a dying swan. One week later, to bravos and encores, re-enter Rose, as lively as an *entrechat* on hot bricks. "Well, what a change," I said. "What happened?"

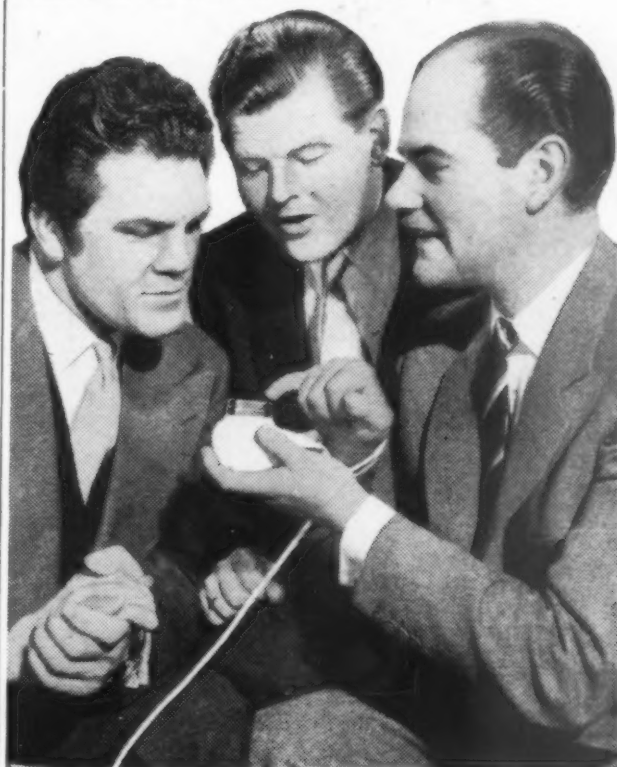
"You know," laughed Rose. "It was that All-Bran you told me about. Only took it five days to get me my 'regular' rhythm back."

"It keeps you on your toes," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the bulk nature intended it to have. All-Bran's bulk enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active; and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers sell it.

Freddie Mills and Benny Hill investigate the "Philishave" . . .



**"With Rotary Action it's a
closer shave in comfort"** says Peter Haigh

"Come on then, boy, give us the gen."

"Well, Benny, my finger's on the reason right now. Beneath those skinguards the blades rotate."

"So . . . ?"

"So, they shave every single bristle whichever way it's growing. So there's never any clipping or pulling or after-shave soreness. So . . ."

"Hey, hold your punches, Peter. What I want to know is why's the shaving head got this raised rim?"

"To smooth out the skin so the blades can get right down to really close shaving. Case proved, gentlemen?"

"Without a shadow of doubt—or stubble!"



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complete with case.
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Particular
people
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A BOTTLE

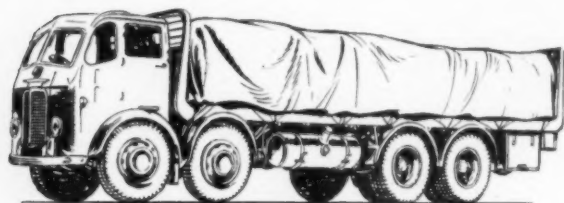


What does an octopus consume?

Of course, if it's the bad type deep-sea octopus, the answer is . . . "Far too much". For after a gargantuan hors d'œuvre of mussels, it goes on wolfing crabs and lobsters till the sea-cows come home! When necessary, it will dog its next meal from rock to rock with cat-like ease, but it generally prefers to operate on firm level tracts of ocean bed.

The equally well-known 'Octopus'—the Leyland 'Octopus'—is not so fussy. These 8-wheeled diesel trucks operate with untroubled ease on practically any sort of surface. To those who don't know 'Octopus' working costs, their low fuel consumption figures are almost unbelievable. Carrying a full payload of 17 tons, an 'Octopus' will normally average 10 trouble-free miles a gallon . . . till the cows come home!

Don't take our word for it; ask any 'Octopus' operator.



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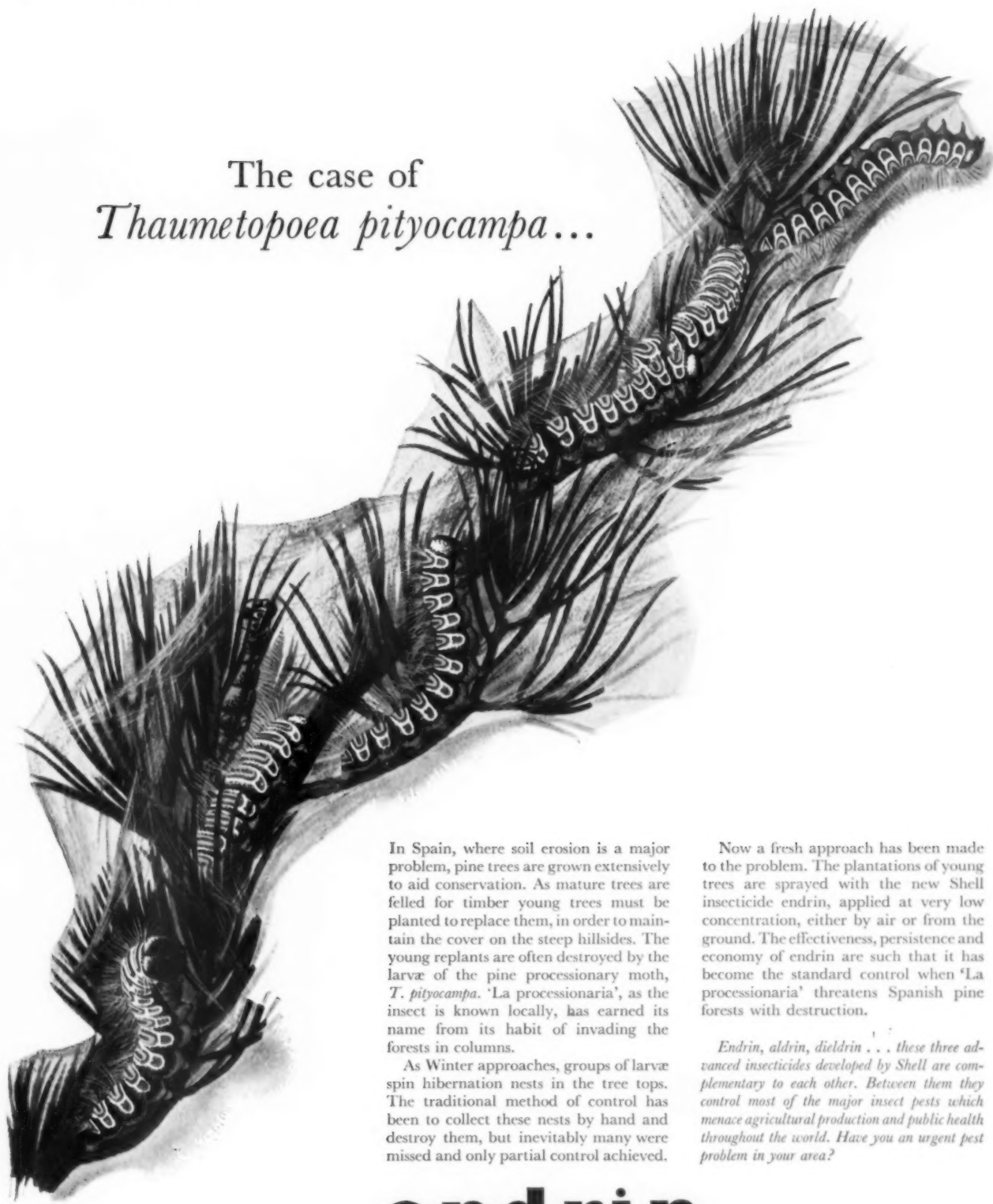


Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
for both brands of cigars.

The case of *Thaumetopoea pityocampa*...



In Spain, where soil erosion is a major problem, pine trees are grown extensively to aid conservation. As mature trees are felled for timber young trees must be planted to replace them, in order to maintain the cover on the steep hillsides. The young replants are often destroyed by the larvæ of the pine processionary moth, *T. pityocampa*. 'La processionaria', as the insect is known locally, has earned its name from its habit of invading the forests in columns.

As Winter approaches, groups of larvæ spin hibernation nests in the tree tops. The traditional method of control has been to collect these nests by hand and destroy them, but inevitably many were missed and only partial control achieved.

Now a fresh approach has been made to the problem. The plantations of young trees are sprayed with the new Shell insecticide endrin, applied at very low concentration, either by air or from the ground. The effectiveness, persistence and economy of endrin are such that it has become the standard control when 'La processionaria' threatens Spanish pine forests with destruction.

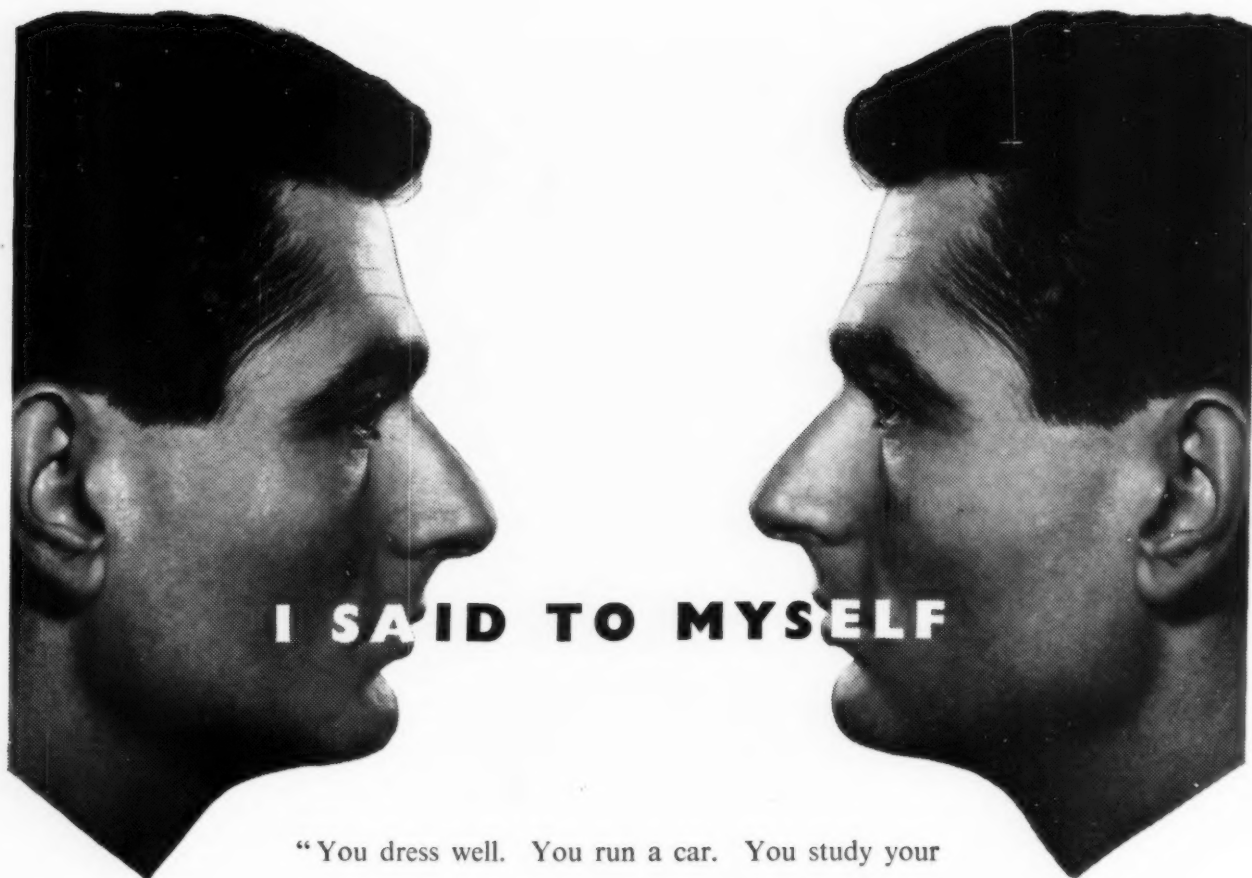
Endrin, aldrin, dieldrin . . . these three advanced insecticides developed by Shell are complementary to each other. Between them they control most of the major insect pests which menace agricultural production and public health throughout the world. Have you an urgent pest problem in your area?

endrin

endrin, aldrin and dieldrin are



insecticides for world-wide use



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4/2 FOR 20

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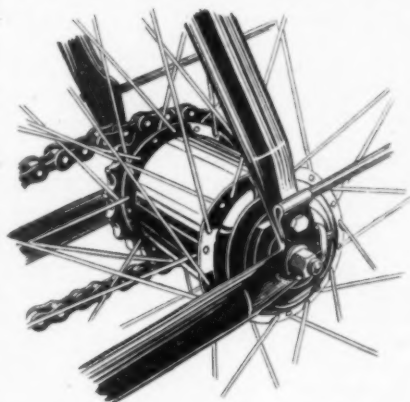
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555

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QUALITY STEELS
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black bars
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I've never known lamps as good as these!

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- with the
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It's as smooth as satin
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see them on **STAND No. 34**

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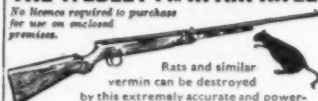
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Stuart Crystal

This is crystal glass that your children and grandchildren will treasure. Its flawless clarity, exquisite cutting—and the signature on each piece—will be as valuable then as now.



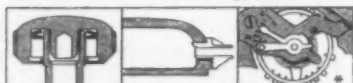


This particular Cyma
is NEW! It is the *navystar*
watertight . . . yet slim and so elegant

It is one of the 60 CYMA 17-jewel models for Ladies and Gentlemen, from £15 in chrome/steel and from £25 to £85 in solid gold.

CYMA *navystar* — a masterpiece of Swiss craftsmanship. Its ultra-slim stainless steel case is so designed that faultless watertight sealing is achieved without the bulk usually associated with watertight watches. 17-jewel precision lever movement. Anti-magnetic, Anti-shock.* Price £24.10.0

Other watertight models from £21.2.6



A unique spring system, designed to counteract wear, permanently seals the winder.

The main sealing material, a new metal alloy, retains its elasticity.

*Cymaflex — the world - famous anti-shock device fully protects the balance staff.

CYMA

*ONLY Cyma watches have the Cymaflex anti-shock device — but every CYMA has it.

From Good Jewellers everywhere
Ask for the Cyma Catalogue.

Cyma for particular people

SEE HOW SLIM THIS WATERTIGHT WATCH IS

'It is a far, far better thing'.

What is?

I can't remember how it goes on.

Nor can I.

It always makes me think of SEAGER'S.

Mmm... Was it SEAGER'S?

No. Still, talking of SEAGER'S...

Yes, let's have another.

Seager Evans & Co. Limited
The Distillery, London SE8

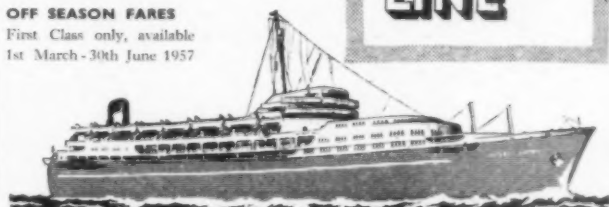
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Twiglets

Made by PEEK FREAN — makers of famous biscuits



Hence the nymphs

NO expense was spared when building the head offices of the Indestructible Trust Company. They were intended to express the wealth, generosity and security of the business they house. To this end, the architect was lavish with swags and columns, chubby cherubs and smiling nymphs.

To the casual observer, the building is as indestructible as the Trust it houses. But inside, it is another story. The spaciouly inconvenient rooms have been divided by wooden partitions into offices of unusual shape, but more useful size. Chaos resulted, and one or two minor fires.

Undaunted, the Managing Director sent for the Man from Chubb, who very quickly evolved a simple scheme whereby all the important documents, securities and correspondence, which are the bread-and-butter of such an organization, could be safely housed in Chubb Fire-resisting Cabinets.

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The "Thunder and Lightning"—one of the most popular salmon flies on the River Spey.



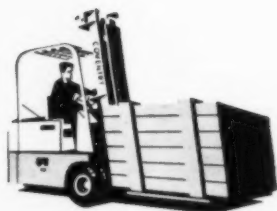
A treasured example of the Spirit of the Spey and one appreciated by connoisseurs the world over is GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL Whisky—a fine proprietary Scotch.

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